THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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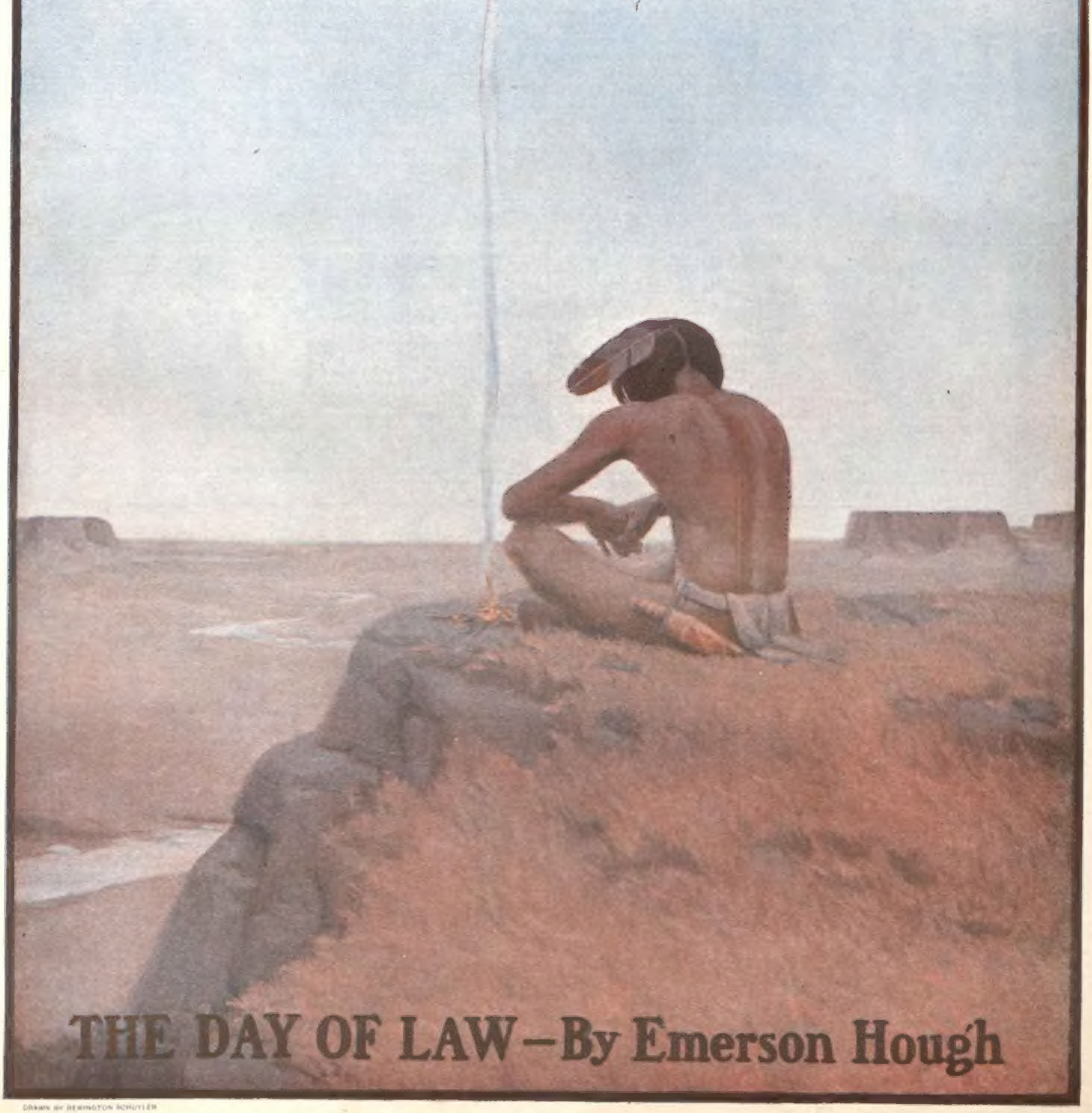

THE DAY OF LAW—By Emerson Hough

DRAWN BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

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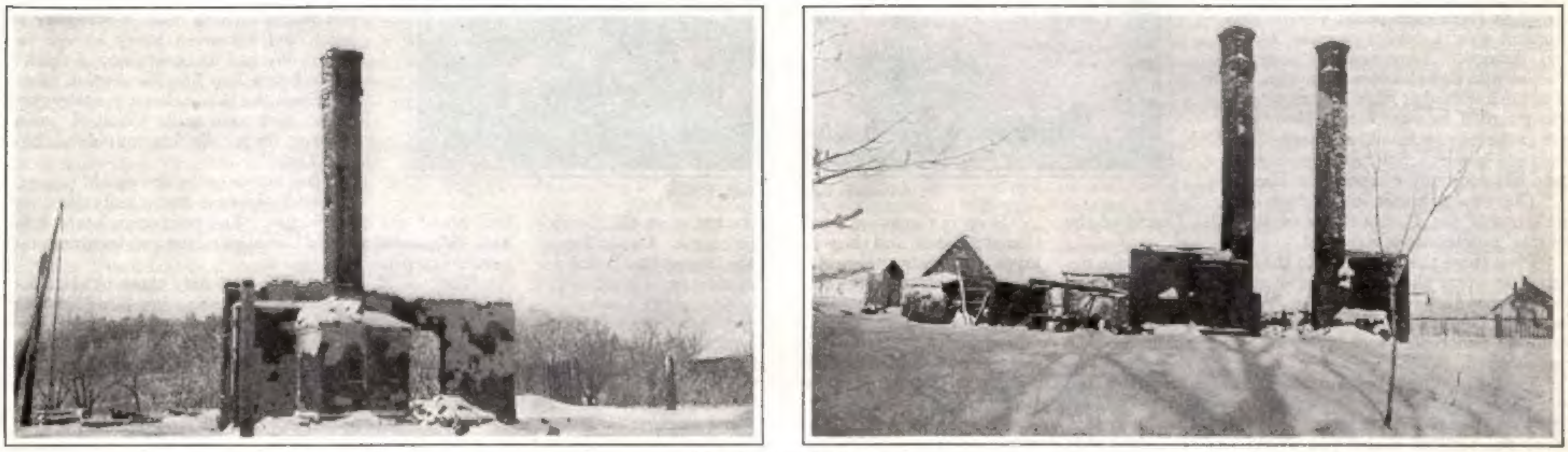
Underground Fire in Russia



After the Cossacks Came

A Glimpse of the Revolutionist Methods

BY ERNEST POOLE

"YOU have come to ask Americans to help your Revolution. But Americans are practical. Before we give you money we want to know how it will be used; what are your ways of working and what kinds of men are your workers. Your Revolution is inspiring—but will it work?" This question I asked last week in New York. In the room sat seven men—five Russians, one Finn and one Pole—advance-guard of the leaders now coming to lay before Americans their cause.

"Let me answer first."

The speaker was a young man, short and wiry, with a dark, narrow face, high forehead and deep black eyes. He spoke in Russian:

"I am a lawyer. I lived in Petersburg, and until a year ago I had no thought of Revolution; all my energy was turned to professional work. To me Revolutionists were dreamers.

"But a year ago in January I saw a hundred thousand workingmen parade quietly, without weapons or any means of violence, dressed in holiday clothes, accompanied by wives and children, going to petition the Czar. I saw these people lashed by mounted Cossacks and mowed down by rifle volleys—men, women, little children who could only scream their terror. I myself saw eight children clubbed to death.

"I decided to try if this Revolution dream could not be made practical. I joined the Revolutionists.

"I was amazed. For, instead of a dream, I found a tremendous underground fire.

"I tramped hundreds of miles in the valleys and hills of the Baltic Provinces. In every valley I found peasant societies meeting at night—often all night, in forests lit up by the flare of torches: 'Temperance Clubs' in name, but in secret like the 'Minute-Men' in your American Revolution. With this difference—they had no guns, only a very few old muzzle-loading muskets.

"To buy guns I tried to get money—through the churches. To my peasant leader friends this plan seemed absurd. For these Baltic Lutheran peasants spoke Finnish and Lettish; and to them the Russian Church—with its pompous, mysterious ceremonies all in a foreign language, its oppressive taxes, its countless rules and fines and arrests—was simply an engine of the Czar. But in Petersburg I had known many young monks and priests who were liberal; I met others here, and to them I appealed; I saw them one by one, and started a secret organization which swiftly spread. At once they appealed to the liberal-minded rich—with quick success. Day after day to a certain gray old monastery came ladies rich and of noble birth, disguised in rough-hooded pilgrim gowns; they came ostensibly to worship at the shrine, but while kneeling before the famous holy relics they would slip money and jewels into the hands of the young monks beside them.

"This money we quickly used. Little by little a few hundred guns were smuggled in from Germany—on carts under hay—and were hidden in huts and in barns. The peasant leaders were surprised even at this small success, and began coming for advice.

"It was a strange picture—the ancient monastery of gray and yellow buildings surrounded by a wall; outside, the prairie rolling off to the horizon, with only a few black clumps of bushes to break the white of the snow; and over the snow at night the peasant leaders coming—wrapped in white sheets so as not to be noticed; we could barely see them come. The stupid monastery guards never saw them. Noiselessly they climbed the snow-covered wall, one by one, and came to the cell where the young monks were meeting. In such a cell we often sat till morning, discussing in low voices the work for the coming week; while in the next cell two young monks worked quietly at a secret press, printing our proclamations of freedom.

"We found the peasants eager. For years their taxes had been oppressive, and now the war had killed ten thousand of their strongest men. No pensions; ten thousand families penniless; and for the war the Government had robbed the peasant banks of all their scanty savings. Night after night in the forest I heard mothers cry out that their babies were dying. They begged so hard that we gave them much of the money collected for guns. Sometimes it is hard to be practical.

"'Refuse to be taxed again till they give you the right to vote. No taxing without voting!' This was our motto.

"The Russian law requires a stamp on all goods in the village stores. Storekeepers must buy permits to trade. And if a peasant buys a house he must pay a tax on the purchase—one-tenth of the house's value.

"'We will stop paying this house tax!' cried the peasants. 'And in the stores we will buy no more sugar and tea if it is stamped. No more of these Russian stamps!'

"And even old women cried: 'We will drink no more tea until it is free!'

"They made endless little devices to thwart the Russian officials. The 'Temperance Clubs' were expanded into secret village governments. The Russian officials were neglected, their duties were one by one quietly assumed by secret peasant judges and Lutheran preachers and village councils; all their chances for extortion and blackmail were slipping away.

"Then these officials, being bewildered, did what was for them the most natural thing—they made wholesale arrests, bound suspected leaders to posts and lashed them. But the peasants never faltered.

"'No taxing without voting!' This cry went abroad up and down the valleys.

"There was one fatal lack: Guns.

"We had collected little money. The starving peasants could give us only kopecks. The rich nobility in the big estates were mostly conservative. What money and jewels we had were used partly to feed starving children. We had left only enough to smuggle in about one thousand weapons.

A Peasant Homestead in the Baltic Provinces

"No guns. But all over the Czar's empire the fire of the people was rising. In vain we tried to make our peasants wait. From all over Russia reports of Cossack massacres reached their ears. And at last came their turn. Last fall in the Baltic town of Reval a meeting was surrounded by Cossacks who poured volleys into the crowd, killing a hundred and twenty men and women. This was the end! All Reval paraded at the funeral. The news flashed out through the valleys. In a week the country had risen!

"Village after village rose and chased out the Russian officials. Judges, priests and police—all were soon departing by trains and wagons and carts. We were glad to let them go.

"Then from each secret village government went a deputy to meet in central council. Two councils—one at Dorpat with eight hundred deputies, one of seven hundred at Riga. Each council was guarded by our 'Minute-Men,' who had gathered now into the 'Guard of the People'—a secret fighting organization that has suddenly spread over Russia.

"The two councils established self-government for all the Baltic coast. The 'Guard of the People' proclaimed a republic!

"Then came the fighting. In the first week our men defeated at every skirmish the scattered bands of Cossacks. In the second, the 'Guard of the People' met five hundred mounted Cossacks in a town; shot from barricades, from windows and roofs—and killed over four hundred. The rest escaped.

"Then the simple peasants went wild with joy. Had you Americans seen the crowds that packed the village churches, the glistening eyes, the songs of freedom that shook the vaulted roofs—you would have felt deep that here was a cause like the one your fathers died for.

"But how to guide it? In the council we worked day and night striving to start the new government, to establish new authorities and collect money to arm our 'Minute-Men' that they might swell the 'Guard of the People.' We confiscated all Russian properties, issued our own currency, and got money from friends abroad. Money and guns. But slow work. We knew that soon more Cossacks would be upon us. We sent to every village urging the peasants to give, and they gave every kopeck. They sold their little belongings, lead was melted into bullets, more and more messengers were sent to Germany. Guns! They came faster now. Our hopes were rising!

"But we had not time enough. Only three thousand men had been armed, when five thousand Cossacks rode in, and behind them came whole regiments with machine-guns.

"How soon the country changed! Women and children hiding in huts. Huts burned, mothers ravished, little children lashed—some lashed to death. Our men shot from behind trees and fences. Villages fought from behind barricades. Homes fought. Many log huts were only captured at the cost of a dozen Cossack lives.

"But we had only one bullet for their ten. And in a few days, when we saw what hopeless blood it was, we ordered our men to stop. In another week the country was again in Russian power.

"That was three months ago. Since then the fire has gone underground. No more open opposition, but our 'Minute-Men'—the 'Guard of the People'—now go right on with their secret night meetings.

"All this January I tramped through mountains and valleys; night after night I spoke in the torch-lit forest meetings. And the faces that stared out of the darkness were not hopeless or cowed, though many faces bore marks of Cossack nagaikas, many arms were in slings from Russian bullets.

"One night six weeks ago I sat in a long log room in the house of a strong old peasant whose son was a 'Guard of the People' leader. The son, the father and even the wrinkled old mother—all leaned over talking in eager voices: How to get guns!

"The little grandson rushed in:

"'The Cossacks!'

"He went skipping about the room in his terror.

"Through the back door the son and I jumped out and into the shed. There we stood behind the two cows. The Cossacks rushed by us, their captain shouting:

"'Surround the house!'

"But at that instant we slipped out of the shed, jumped into a ditch, and ran stooping toward the forest. By bad luck it was moonlight.

"We heard sudden yells behind us. They had seen our heads and began to shoot with their carbines. We had almost reached the forest, my friend close behind me, when he gave a sharp cry and fell headlong. I stooped and seized his arm:—

"'No! I'm shot! Go on!'

A Peasant Group of North Russia

"Deep in the forest I came to the hut of an old Revolutionist peasant, and there I stayed all night. I knew I must leave the country at once, but it was urgent that first I see the other village leader, and so the next day I went to the village disguised by a false beard and a rough cloak.

"I saw the young wounded peasant bound to a post in the village street. The Cossacks roughly seized the women and children and forced them nearer the post; even the man's own father and mother were forced to come and see. Four Cossacks took their position.

"The young peasant's face did not change; he looked slowly around at his village friends and said:

"'They have forced you here to see me killed. But don't ——'

"The Cossacks raised their carbines.

"'Don't lose courage! Fight on—for freedom ——'

"The shots rang out. From the women and children went up a terrible scream.

"This scream you may hear in all the Baltic villages this winter and this spring, for the police believe that by *forcing women and children to view executions* they will inspire such terror that wives will make husbands give up the struggle.

"I saw the man I had to see, and then I started for the Baltic coast, tramping all the night and sleeping by day in the huts of peasants. I crossed to Finland, and from there I have come to America.

"Last week I had a letter from that same village. They hold secret meetings in the forest as before, and by night come messengers from other villages reporting how the work everywhere goes on. The 'Guard of the People' will rise this summer. And I am sent to ask Americans: *Shall they rise to be massacred or to be free?*"

Apostles of Freedom

"NOT only in the Baltic!" The next speaker was middle-aged—a tall, broad-shouldered, light-haired Russian peasant. He had been silent all evening, leaning forward staring into the coal-fire. In his hand was a cablegram. His voice was slow and quiet:

"To-day my friend was killed in prison. My friend was a school-teacher. When I tell you about him you will see that our Revolution is a hundred times more than a dream.

"My friend was the head of our peasant village bank-club. For the last two years he was always walking over the prairie to other villages; he could go to two or three in one night because our villages are very close—one every half mile.

"Half of the land between is owned by nobles or by the Czar. Long ago when our fathers were emancipated the police said: 'You are free.' But then they shouted: 'Now get off this land! It is not yours!' And they gave us the poorest land—a little strip for each family. Since then the number of peasants in Russia has doubled—from sixty to a hundred and twenty millions. So our land has been cut in two. Then came always heavier taxes. And now the war took all our savings—180 roubles ($90) in our bank-club, and took the eight strongest men from our village to Manchuria, where five were killed—and the other three have not come back. This made the starving worse.

"Now, why should we give our best lives and all our money to Manchuria? My friend asked this in every hut. He said we must refuse to pay taxes any more until they gave back the money to our club, so that we could feed the widows and children of our brothers who were killed.

"We all said we would refuse. Even two very old men were angry, because their sons had been killed in the war. But one thin, solemn peasant was always growling:

"'This is fine talk, but how can we ever do it?'

"My friend showed us how. He took us at night to his log schoolhouse. (Only one schoolhouse for nineteen villages—this is how the Government educates our children. So this schoolhouse was very crowded.) There he read to us some big secret books from Europe. We were all so quiet that our village policeman, fat, stupid Ivan, did not see us. We had only one light, very small, and we kept the shutters very tight. Here we learned how to make a self-government. We had always had our village meeting, so we knew a few rules about meetings. But in the secret books we learned about free self-governments in Europe and America. My friend told us more. He belonged to this new 'Guard of the People,' and he helped our young men to make a company to fight, and we saved every kopeck for guns. We had fine meetings. I think a schoolhouse is a fine Revolution place.

"Even the thin, solemn peasant gave in at last and said: 'Well, I guess you can do it. So now may devils bite this Czar!'

"But two months ago an old peasant named Stepan got drunk and talked too loud about the schoolhouse. The policeman heard him. And then quickly came Cossacks riding and laughing and lashing our peasants.

"What could we do? We had only three old hunting guns in one village and one gun in another—and this gun burst when it was fired. So with three guns we only killed four Cossacks, and then we decided to wait.

"I was leader of the young men. They all told me and my friend to go to Finland and try to get guns from other countries.

"'Tell to other countries,' said the thin, solemn peasant, who was now very eager; 'tell them that we killed four Cossacks with four guns even when one gun burst. Now if we have four hundred guns we will kill four hundred Cossacks. And if every village does this—Russia will be free. Now go. I am going to plow till my gun comes.'

"My friend and I went to Finland, and there we decided that I must come to America, and he must go back into Russia to keep the peasants ready.

"But to-day this telegram comes from Revolutionists in Moscow. My friend was arrested last week. They took also his wife. She was very gentle; she wanted the Revolution, but she always begged us to wait and not kill any one. But now they have taken her, too. They killed my friend in prison two days ago, and I think they will kill the wife, for my friends in other villages write me that in this month *wives are often killed with husbands*.

"But this will not stop us. In our village the young men still have their night meetings. I have five letters from them in the last two months. So don't think that we will not be free.

"But to-night it is very bad for that young wife in prison alone. Those police are beasts with women."

"The peasants and workmen," said the lawyer, "will supply the power. And, to be ready to guide this power, men of all professions are now meeting night after night.

"In Petersburg last fall the lawyers suddenly refused to go again to court until the Czar should grant a constitution. For two weeks they held out, hardly a case could be tried, and the courts were thrown into chaos. At last one night they held a big meeting—a free meeting for free discussion. The right of free meetings had just been promised by the Czar, but now the police broke in, arrested one hundred and fifty lawyers and took them off to the city jails. Most were of the liberal aristocracy and so were bailed out or freed the next day. Only the leaders are still in jail. The others are constantly planning. Already they have drawn up many constitutions on American and European models—always planning—and at last they begin to agree.

"Down in Southern Russia, in Kiev, a well-known lawyer had organized a society of doctors, lawyers, engineers and tradesmen. Last October they were warned that the police were urging the 'Black Hundred'—vagrants and criminals of the city—to massacre the liberal 'intelligents.' At once this society issued a proclamation urging all good citizens to unite for defense. On the same morning all the lawyers and judges in the city court walked out, refusing to try the 'criminals' that the police were arresting.

"That night at about one o'clock eight gendarmes came to this lawyer-leader's house. They rushed up into his bedroom, took him from his bed and beat him with fists and clubs. His wife, too, they pulled from her bed and beat her. They took her without other clothes out into the freezing cold, and so to prison. In prison they tried to force from her husband the names of his comrade-leaders. He refused. They tried harder by lashing.

"You can find his death on the prison records. Where his wife is now I do not know.

"That was five months ago. The society he made is now making ready even harder for the struggle."

"You lawyers are very wise," said a big, ponderous Russian. He had a broad face, heavy black beard and deep-set, twinkling gray eyes. "You will make the new republic very legal. But the industrial men will make it work.

"Until recently most industrial men were not Revolutionists. Although for years we had been blackmailed by inspectors, police and tax-collectors, we preferred to pay to be rid of them and so to push on our business.

"But a year ago our taxes, already enormous, were doubled by the war, which was waged simply to help the grand dukes in timber speculations. This cost three hundred thousand Russian lives and the ruin of business.

"In Narva, a big town on the Baltic, I had a friend whose factory employed about a thousand men. For years he had paid his 'taxes,' among them a Christmas present of five hundred roubles ($250) to the chief of police. But during the war he had been growing slowly more angry. Then last December in Narva he saw the chief and his men with clubs and revolvers attack a peaceable procession and wound scores of men, women and children.

"One week later the chief came to make his annual Christmas visit. An hour passed. He still talked. Another hour. Still no present. The chief coughed violently, his fat, red face grew crimson. At last he rose and stamped out of the office.

"The next afternoon my friend's head foreman learned that the 'Black Hundred' were gathering. Some one had given them money; they were drinking hard and had also bought ten barrels of oil.

"That night my friend's workmen quietly collected by the factory. Soon the 'Black Hundred' arrived with torches, pistols and knives. With drunken yells they rushed forward; the workmen rushed against them, and there was fighting for an hour. The oil was thrown; one wall of the factory blazed; and then some workmen ran off to the town fire-station.

"'Quick! Your engines!'

"But the firemen only grinned and said:

"'We are ordered not to come out to-night.'

"A brief fist-fight—the workmen seized the engines and rushed them off to the factory. In an hour the fire was put out, but the fighting still went on—till a workman galloped up on horseback.

"'The chief of police has ordered the Cossacks against us!'

"But this the workmen had expected and had stretched a heavy wire across the river bridge. When the Cossack troop came galloping across in the dark, two abreast, the first two horses struck the wire, and the others piled over.

"So the factory was saved. But in the struggle many had been wounded and one workman killed. At his funeral two thousand paraded. Again came the chief with his Cossacks; they fired, wounding about fifty, killing eight men, five women and children. And the same night they arrested my friend.

"That was ten weeks ago. My friend is still in prison, but among all classes in Narva the work of organizing still goes on. And this is true of all the big cities. When the Revolution comes the industrial men will be ready to help."

"The workingmen will help." This last speaker was a stocky, light-haired man from Southern Russia. He spoke slowly, in short sentences.

"I am a railroad man. Last fall our secret organization was ready; we began our work, and in a week all Russia was a tangle.

"The telegraphers worked with us. Signing the names of high central officials, they wired false orders to governors, generals, police chiefs and judges all over Russia. For a few days we were the Czar! Strange answers came back over the wires; the stupid officials were all mixed up; but they knew something was wrong because our orders were not in the secret official codes. To get those codes we tried night and day. But the Cossacks broke in too soon.

"Then they began to punish. Two weeks ago I learned by letter that one of our men had been banished to Yakutsk, in the extreme north of Siberia. He lives there in a mud dug-out with people like your American Eskimos. There is no other hut within twenty miles. These poor savages, ignorant as brutes, have been told they will be killed if they let him escape.

"Yet our work goes on. And when the time is ripe there will be a greater jumble all over Russia. Next time we shall have the secret codes; and in a week the whole army will be marching to the very places where they are least needed by the Czar.

"Even more important—we shall control all the railroads.

"When, last fall, in Moscow, the barricades had been ploughed through by the shells of siege guns, when hundreds of men had been killed and the soldiers were closing in around Moscow, it was an anxious moment. How to save the important leaders who must be used for later struggles? One gray old engineer offered to run a train out through the besieging forces. The train was speedily filled and started, the old man forced his engine far beyond the

(Continued on Page [illegible])

HIS NOBLER AMBITION

Little Wellington Joins de Gang

BY E. J. RATH

H. WELLINGTON MOUNTFORD, aged eight years, wondered, as he ate his supper in silence, whether his secret had been discovered. He was pretty sure that his father and mother did not know it, but he was a little doubful about Annie, the cook, who possessed marvelous intuition concerning the ways of small boys. But Annie, if she knew it, gave no sign, and at last he began to think that perhaps, like other persons, even she was not infallible. Still, he was somewhat puzzled that it had not been discovered, for it seemed as if the effect of it, so observable to himself, must be equally plain to everybody else. Of course, he was not anxious that the discovery should be made—not now, at any rate. He preferred that this should wait until he was more firmly established in the ways of the new life. Then exposure might come, but it would be too late to do anything.

Pudding finished, he excused himself and went upstairs. Mr. Mountford watched the little figure disappear up the stairs and then remarked to his wife:

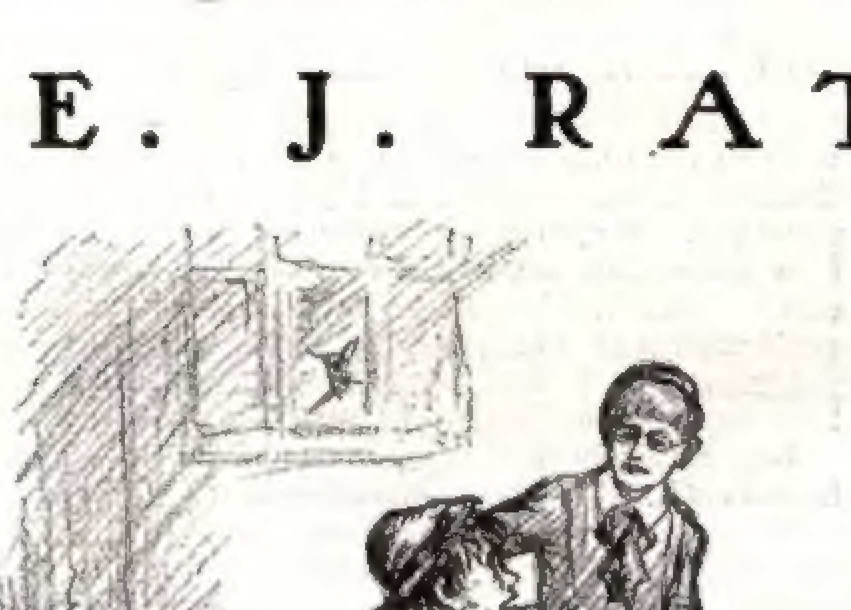
"I'm sorry the boy is so studious. It isn't natural or healthy."

Mrs. Mountford made no reply. It was one of her husband's stock remarks to express regret that his son was not a husky young brute.

Wellington's spindling little legs carried him into the library, where he sat down with his school-books. The big blue eyes which shone behind steel-rimmed spectacles rested on the pages before him, but they refused to transmit geography to a somewhat feverish brain. The map of Asia was right under his nose, but Wellington did not see it. In its place he saw another picture, something like the map of a city block, and peopled with figures that seemed to move in squads, now and again violently colliding with each other, then separating with more or less disorder and disintegrating. It was little like geography, but very much like war. But it was acutely real to Wellington, because it represented the unfolding of his future career.

Wellington had joined the Gang. It was only the beginning of stern days, to be sure, but all things must have a beginning. Eventually it would lead to greater things. He would drift to the plains of the great West by-and-by, where ceaseless conflict and glory were to be found. Later, it was altogether likely that he would be a soldier, perhaps even an officer, going to wars in far lands and carrying fire and sword and bullets to savage peoples. For the Gang was the prototype of these things. Therefore, for the present it sufficed.

And the Gang had actually invited him, too! It was easy enough for other boys to be born into the Gang and grow up in it; they couldn't help it. Their case was like his own in the Set—"the set of nice little boys on the block" that his mother talked about with warm approval. There was no particular credit in heredity or environment. But to be invited, out of the Set and into the Gang—that *was* something. Of course, the Gang did not know anything about the Set. It need never discover that it was asking him to forsake other paths. Wellington had refrained from speaking about the Set, because he was putting away childish things now, and it wouldn't do any good to dwell upon the subject.



"Wotcher Doin'?" asked Wellington. "Playin' Cat," Said the Mick. "Wotcher Think?"

It had happened at recess, that very day. For two weeks Wellington had been attending the public school. Mr. Mountford had prevailed upon his wife, after some labor, to take their son out of the kindergarten; he did not propose to have him become a little prig, as he put it. On the first day Wellington became vaguely conscious that he was attracting attention. He realized that he was "different." He passed the Gang every afternoon on his way home from school, and he noted on these occasions either a total cessation of conversation among its members or a lively buzzing of whispers. He always went by with his head erect and eyes to the front—the Gang did not seem to invite lingering. But he felt instinctively that there would be a climax some day, and now it had come.

Wellington was eating his lunch in the yard, a napkin spread carefully across his knees, for his mother had taught him to be careful of his clothes. He was showing approbation of a chicken sandwich, generously fashioned by Annie, when he became aware that there was a semicircle of figures about him. A voice said:

"Wotcher eatin', kid?"

Wellington raised his eyes and beheld the Gang. In the centre stood a personage who had attracted his favorable attention on several occasions before, although probably quite unconscious of it. The Mick was ten years old and in aspect the reverse of Wellington. He was made for the stern things of life. Wellington had no need to study his audience closely; he had seen it all before. His immediate instinct was to be dignified, yet polite. That was another of his mother's injunctions. So he said, looking at the Mick:

"I am eating a chicken sandwich."

"Any good?" said the Mick.

"I think it is very nice," said Wellington. This caused a slight movement and an exchange of glances between the members of the Gang.

"Lessee it," said the Mick, holding out his hand. Wellington hesitated but an instant and then proffered the remainder of the sandwich. The Mick bit into it with deliberation and swallowed the bite slowly. Then he took another, and then a third. After that there was no sandwich.

"Got any cake?" asked the Mick.

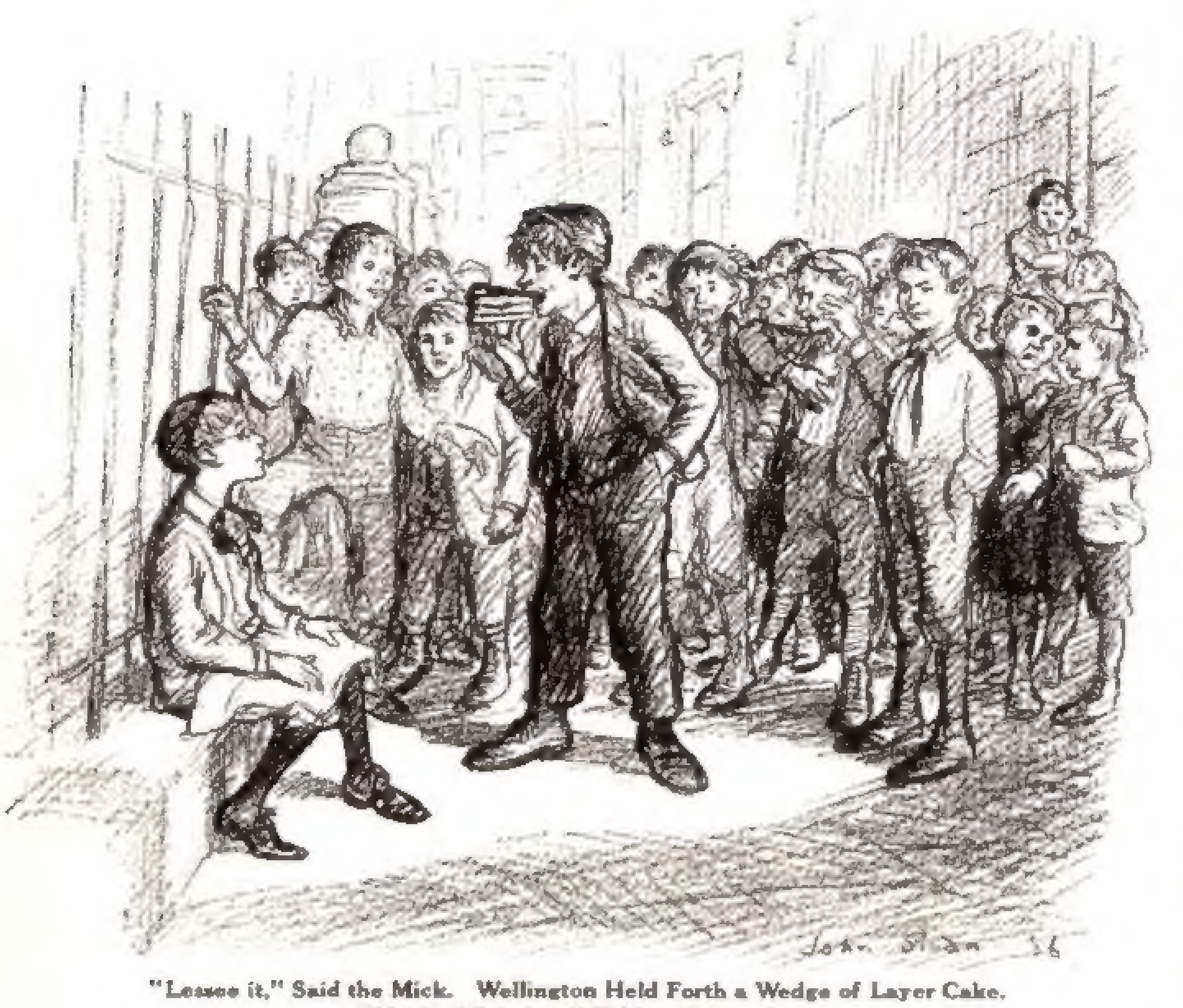
"I—I think so," said Wellington, lifting a corner of the napkin and revealing another treasure from Annie's kitchen.

"Lessee it," said the Mick.

Wellington held forth a wedge of layer cake that oozed chocolate from every crevice. This the Mick ate still more leisurely; he even handed a piece of it to the boy next him. Then he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and remembered that Wellington was still there.

"Wotcher name?" he asked.

"Wellington Mountford," said that person reluctantly. He had privately decided that if the worst came, and he *must* tell his name, he would at least leave off the "H." "H" stood for Henry, which was Mr. Mountford's name, but his mother thought that Wellington was much nicer and had reduced Henry to a symbol.



"Lessee it," Said the Mick. Wellington Held Forth a Wedge of Layer Cake. This the Mick Ate Still More Leisurely

"Come again," said the Mick with rising inflection. "Wot it is, did youse say?"

"Wellington Mountford."

"Gee!" said the Mick. "Say, Eyesey, you wanter flag that around here. See? It's too flossie. Who're ye's travelin' wit'?"

"I'm not traveling with anybody," said Wellington. "I live at home."

The Mick sniffed in disgust at the failure to grasp his meaning, but scorned explanation.

"Youse kin travel wit' us, Eyesey, if ye's want," he said generously.

"Thank you, very much," said Wellington. "I should like to travel with you."

He did not see the Gang again until after school, but then he did his first "traveling" with it. He discovered that traveling did not mean going on a journey; it just meant hanging around. This indicated that there was a new language to be learned, so he sharpened his ears in order that no crumb of knowledge might escape him. Wellington possessed a retentive mind, and his little head was a whirl of strange words and new lore when he went home for supper.

It was the reviewing of these events in his busy mind which caused the map of Asia to fade into a blurred smudge of color. By-and-by he went to bed where, undisturbed, he could practice in cautious whispers his new and beautiful gems of speech. One thing troubled him. He did not like to be called "Eyesey." Too plainly, this was a derivative from his spectacles. He devised a plan to remove his glasses, put them in his pocket as soon as he left for school in the mornings, and not to wear them again until he reached home. Although he knew this would involve much personal discomfort and possible injury to his eyes, he thought it might banish Eyesey. But he dropped the scheme as impracticable, after a little consideration, and decided to invent a substitute name. He understood clearly that Wellington was impossible. His mother, not the Gang, was to blame for that. After trying various shortened forms, he adopted "Welt" as the best. Welt seemed to imply sturdy resolution and strength; it had character, if not beauty. If they would call him Welt he would be content. Of course, after he had made progress in the new life he would expect to be alluded to in the third person as *the* Welt, after the fashion of *the* Mick, but that could wait for the present. The main thing now was to abolish Eyesey.

It was the first Monday after his entrance into the new life that the Gang discovered that Wellington was a capitalist. Somehow it found out—maybe Wellington let it slip out himself—that every week he received a regular amount of "mazuma," as the Gang knew it, from his father. This amount was a quarter, payable on Mondays. Always it had sufficed for the week; often some change was left over. Wellington now discovered that it would not last beyond Monday afternoon. Yet this did not worry him. He was not mean. Then, too, the quarter opened up vast possibilities of popularity; it was a guarantee of friendship and immunity.

The Mick superintended the spending of it. He knew places where you could get the most for your money, an economy which had developed as a result of lack of remittances from his own parents. It was the Mick who saw to it, also, that the provider of Monday's quarter got his pro rata share of candy, hokey-pokey or lemonade. Wellington thought this was considerate of the Mick, and he showed democracy of spirit by never suggesting that perhaps he was entitled to just a little bit more than the rest. He was not arrogant in his wealth.

Thus financed, Wellington's progress was rapid. "Traveling" with the Gang broadened his speech and his philosophy. By nightly practice in bed, with his head muffled under the covers, he gained a facility of expression that was beyond his wildest dreams. As yet he had not brought himself to swear; there was really no need of that, when there were so many other pleasing and striking things to say.

The Gang did not always play games. There were ash-barrels to upset, wagons to hitch behind, shopkeepers and pedestrians to annoy, and these things took time away from the pursuit of mig wealth. Then, too, there were incursions to be made into other streets and remote neighborhoods, where there were gangs famous for strength and ferocity.

In these forays Wellington found that he had to work out his own salvation, which he did according to circumstances. It was always wise to put your spectacles in your pocket before going into battle, but this did not necessarily mean that you had gone in to the death. That depended. If the other gang wavered and broke, it was entirely prudent to push victory to its farthest limit. If the enemy was stubborn and unyielding, caution and no unnecessary exposure on the firing-line became self-evident propositions to Wellington. If the foe actually gave pursuit, which even the Mick sometimes could not avert, early and enthusiastic flight was too plain a duty to be ignored. It was by careful observance of these rules of battle that Wellington was enabled to keep his nose in its normal state and his eyes unblackened. Secretly, he longed to bear scars—the Bat had a beauty clear across his right cheek. But Wellington knew that scars would involve explanations at home, and his mother and father did not yet know that H. Wellington Mountford, of the Set, had been replaced by Welt—*the* Welt—of the Gang.

Yet caution born of experience did not save Wellington from a cut and bloody ear one afternoon. He got it because of his failure to properly estimate distance; he had been confident that he was out of range of the enemy's throwing sticks. Mrs. Mountford viewed the damaged ear with alarm, and her questions concerning it were pointed and embarrassing. The time had not come for Wellington to tell of the Gang—that must wait, but he had secret pangs of remorse as he practiced evasion with his mother. Mrs. Mountford gathered from his answers that a rough youth of the streets had thrown the stick, "just to see how far he could send it," and that Wellington had been unlucky enough to get within the range of fire.

"Henry," she said to Mr. Mountford that evening, when their son had retired to his nightly practice of slang, "I am afraid Wellington's little boy friends at the school are rather rough. He does not play with the nice little set of boys in this neighborhood any more."

"It's natural enough for him to play with his classmates, I guess," said Mr. Mountford. "It'll do him good to be outdoors more. Don't worry about him. A few knocks will do him good. He isn't a girl."

One afternoon, because of the increase of embarrassing questions from his mother concerning his playmates at the school, Wellington deemed it wise to be seen once again with the Set, and he martyred himself. But what a hollow, empty afternoon it was! The Set did not understand. Perhaps they could not help being "lizzies" and were only to be pitied. His new life enabled him to see clearly what a mockery the Set was. He stuck it out a whole afternoon, to please his mother, of whom he caught glimpses at a front window. After that he went back to the Gang, and there was no more faltering in his loyalty, no more cowardly concessions to convention.

"Wellington, my son," said his mother one day, "do you remember that next Tuesday is your birthday?"

Wellington did remember. It had been troubling him for several days. A birthday meant a party. Parties used to be all right, perhaps, but they were for the boys of the Set, not of the Gang. Being of the Gang, they were not for him.

"I don't want a party, mother," said Wellington, anticipating the next question.

"Why, my son!" said Mrs. Mountford, raising her eyebrows in astonishment. "Yes, indeed, you shall have a party. I have planned out a very pleasant little afternoon affair for you and your friends."

"I'd rather not," said Wellington, shuffling his feet, not daring to explain.

"Is it because of your classmates, Wellington?" asked his mother.

"Yes'm," said Wellington, and wondering if his mother had discovered the secret at last.

"Well, I have arranged for all that, my son," said Mrs. Mountford. "I am glad you thought of your classmates. It tells me you are kind and thoughtful of others. They shall be invited, just the same as the little boys in your set here. If they are poorer, and perhaps not so nicely dressed, it will not make any difference. They will be very welcome. I really shall enjoy meeting them."

Wellington shuddered. The Gang at a party! And his party, too! The Gang never had parties. He doubted if the Bat had ever heard of one. Perhaps the Mick had, because he knew much, but he realized that the Mick would only regard a party with contempt. And a vision of Henny the Runt sitting on one of his mother's gilt chairs made him turn white.

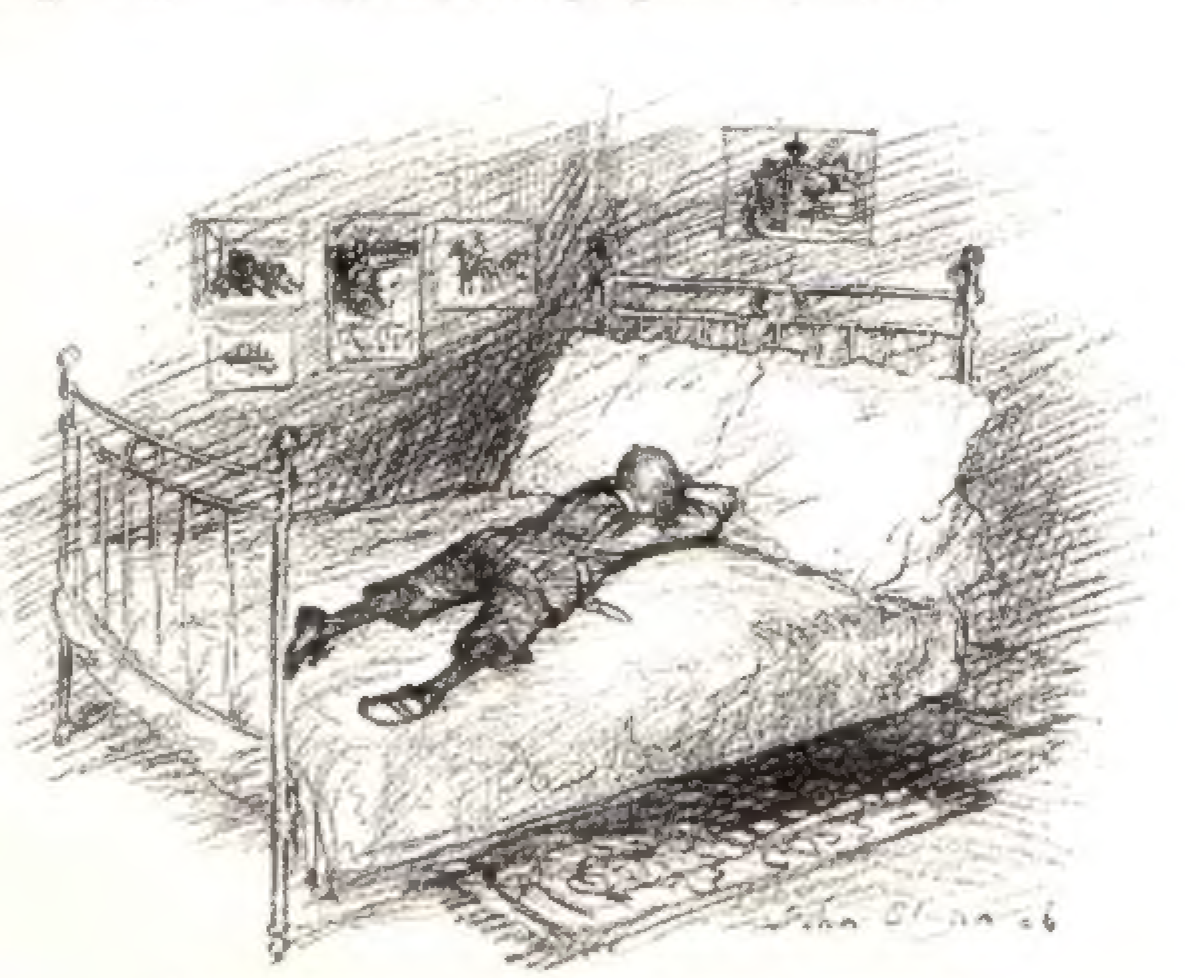
"I have already asked the little boys on the block," continued his mother pleasantly, "and I am going to leave it to you to invite your classmates. You must be sure and tell them to-morrow, so they will not have any other engagements."

Now, the Gang never had engagements, except of one kind, and Wellington knew that kind wasn't suited to parties. He did not pay very close attention as his mother prattled on with the details. His mind was too busy with the problem of inviting the Gang. For the moment, he considered not inviting them at all, and later informing his mother that his classmates could not come. But that would involve falsehood of a cold and calculating kind, and was, besides, an improbable story. So he put the idea away. Yet to invite the Gang was also manifestly impossible. He didn't think it would come, and maybe the invitation would jeopardize his whole future, now so rosy and promising. And what, moreover, would the Gang think of the Set? That was the real problem. He did not care what the Set thought of the Gang. Neither would the Gang itself.

Wellington had thirty little white envelopes in his pocket when he started for school next morning. They were invitations. Mrs. Mountford said it would be nice for him to give them out personally after school. Wellington did not explain that it would be the height of folly to do anything of the kind. So he avoided disaster by tearing them in small pieces, after he had rounded a corner, and dropping the pieces into ash-barrels as he went along. He decided not to say anything about his party until the day itself came. Then he proposed to introduce an idea of his own. His plan smacked a little of treachery to the Gang, he admitted to himself, but he could not entirely ignore family considerations.

That night, when his mother asked him if his little playmates seemed pleased at the prospect of his party, he answered, hesitatingly and evasively:

"Why, they're all going to come, mother."



It was All Over Now! The Gang was Through with Him!

Mrs. Mountford thereat beamed upon her son and kissed him.

And so the party-day came. Annie began baking in the early morning, and Mrs. Mountford herself spent most of the forenoon in the kitchen. There were cakes to be cooked and iced, jellies to be made, candies to be dressed up in all sorts of gay paper jackets, and a hundred details to be attended to. At noon, the girl from next door, who had been borrowed for the event, came in to help, too.

Wellington's heart would have sunk into his shoes had he seen all these preparations. As it was, he spent a rather wriggly and uncomfortable day in the classroom, thinking of the impending horror and of a base subterfuge he was about to employ.

School out, he sought the Mick, whom he found engaged in a riotous game of cat.

"Wotcher doin'?" asked Wellington. Such speech came easy to him now.

"Playin' cat," said the Mick. "Wotcher think?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Wellington weakly. Although his mind was full of his subject, he found it hard to begin. He watched the game for a few minutes, trying to screw up courage, and then he decided that it was now or never.

"Hey, Mick," he said, "I know a gang says they kin lick us."

"Where?" said the Mick, dropping his bat.

"Ah, up my way," said Wellington.

"Big gang?" demanded the Mick.

"'Bout twenty-five, I guess," said Wellington.

"Wot school?" continued the Mick, businesslike.

"Ah, some pay school!" said Wellington contemptuously.

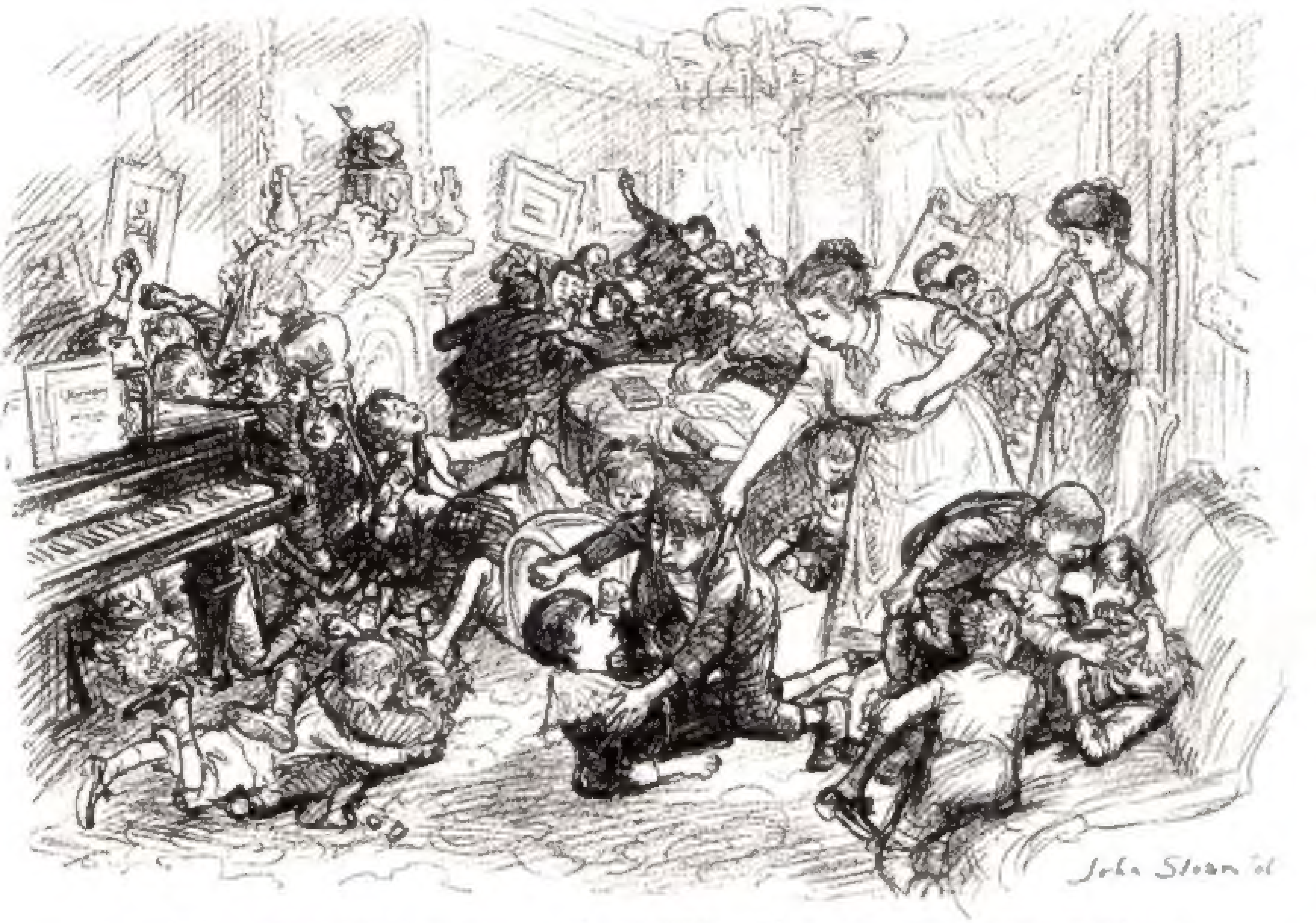
"Gee!" commented the Mick, opening his eyes. "Swell guys, hey?"

"Sure thing. Bunch o' lizzies," added Wellington.

"Hey, fellers; come on!" yelled the Mick. "Welt knows a bunch o' swell mugs says they kin put it over us."

The Gang abandoned lesser pursuits, down to the last boy, and Wellington's party invitation was a success. Everybody went, making good the promise Mrs. Mountford had received from her son. On the way Wellington worried a little at the amazing success of his plan. A block from the house he stopped the Mick for consultation. The Gang gathered to hear. It had picked up arms on the way; already there was quite a satisfactory selection of sticks and clubs. Several of its members had stones in their pockets. These were reserved for last stands.

"Now, y' see," explained Wellington, inventing rapidly as he went along, "dis gang ain't home from school yet. If they sees us around they won't come home at all. What we does is sneak into my house an' wait. Den when they come, we out an' cops em."



Across Sofas and Chairs, Under the Piano, Against the Walls and in the Open, Glorious War was Waged

The Mick was doubtful. "Will we's be let in your house?" he asked cautiously, glancing at rows of neat brick residences in a neighborhood which was unfamiliar to him.

"Sure thing, ye's 'll be let," said Wellington. "Ah, come on!"

And as he led the way himself there was nothing left for the Gang to do but follow. Wellington decided on the basement door. He was anxious to get the Gang into the house the quickest way. After that it was his mother's affair. He washed his hands of it.

The Set, as Wellington correctly surmised, was already upstairs in the parlor. It had come early, with joyous anticipation. Parties were to its liking and birthdays were all too infrequent. Some of the Set came in velvet suits and lace collars. Most of them had patent-leather shoes, for dancing was one of their accomplishments. All of them were neat and clean and nice. As they came in Mrs. Mountford had remarked what a fine body of little gentlemen they were.

She ran to the head of the basement stairs as she heard a scuffling of feet in the lower hall, and called:

"Wellington, dearie, is that you?"

Wellington hoped the Gang didn't hear the "dearie" and answered:

"Yes'm."

"Bring your little friends upstairs, son," called Mrs. Mountford. "You should have brought them in the other way, Wellington. Come, boys."

She stood aside as the tramp of feet sounded on the stairs and the Gang, led in person by Wellington, ascended. Some there were who were minded to retreat, suspicion aroused when they saw Mrs. Mountford, but they dared not falter where the Mick led. As that person emerged into the light of the upper hallway, Mrs. Mountford gave a little gasp and supported herself against a door-jamb.

"Come on, fellers," said Wellington, and he led the way to the parlor. The Gang filed past Mrs. Mountford, bestowing upon her looks of astonishment or alarm as it went by, and that lady, who had awaited them with cheery words of welcome on her lips, stood staring and speechless. The Gang had not dressed for a party. Anyhow, none of them would have been dressed any differently had the invitation carried with it an explanation of the nature of the function. Some did not wear coats; none had brushed his hair or washed his face. And nearly every one of them was still wearing his hat.

As the line entered the parlor the Set arose from a row of camp-chairs along one side of the room and remained standing, politely, awaiting introduction. The Gang slowly and silently ranged itself on the opposite side of the room. Wellington remained quite close to the door. He was waiting for his mother to come in and perform the office of introductions, and he could not understand what was keeping her. But Mrs. Mountford was still leaning weakly against the wall in the hall, trying to think. There was ominous silence in the parlor. At last she rallied herself and went in.

"Why, Wellington," she began. "Haven't you introduced your little friends? Where are your manners, son? Boys," turning to the Gang, "these are Wellington's playmates in the neighborhood. And these," turning to the Set, "are my son's classmates at school."

The Set bowed formally and in unison, but the Gang stood stolid and embarrassed. This was a new and strange way to go into battle. It had not been schooled in the custom of shaking hands before hostilities. Mrs. Mountford took a fresh grip on herself as she noticed that the Gang's hats were still on, and said:

"Now, boys, let me take your hats and—and—er—sticks." For the Gang's ammunition had also found its way into the parlor. The Mick removed his hat slowly and stuffed it into his pocket, and the Gang, observing, did likewise.

"Wellington, just take your friend's canes and put them in the hall," said Mrs. Mountford, whereupon her son with shame in his heart at this base treachery, disarmed his fellow-foemen under the guns of the enemy.

"Hey, Welt," muttered the Mick, in a hoarse whisper, as the traitorous one reached him. "Wot's de game? Huh? Wot are we givin' 'em up fer?"

"They—they won't be needed," stammered Wellington, as he took the Mick's club.

"W'y not?" demanded the Mick, observing with the eye of a general that some of the youth of the Set, even if they were "lizzies," seemed fairly husky. "W'en does it begin, hey?"

"It's begun," said Wellington, backing off with his arms full of the Gang's stolen weapons. "There—there isn't going to be any fight. It's a party."

The Mick stood speechless, but Mrs. Mountford heard her son's last words and the truth flashed upon her.

"Didn't Wellington tell you it was his birthday-party?" she gasped.

"No, lady," said the Mick.

"Oh, Wellington!" exclaimed his mother. "What did he tell you?"

The Mick hesitated. "W'y," he said at length, "Welt says fer us to come up an'—see the push."

"Welt?" repeated Mrs. Mountford.

"Yes, lady. I means Eyesey," said the Mick, in explanation.

"Is—is that what my son is called at school?" asked Mrs. Mountford with a sinking feeling.

"Sure, lady," said the Mick. "Only we calls him Welt mostly; not Eyesey."

Reproach and indignation trembled on Mrs. Mountford's lips, but she remembered that it was a party.

"I just wanted to s'prise 'em," put in Wellington ingratiatingly.

"Ah, yes; I understand," said Mrs. Mountford. "Do you play games?" she asked, again addressing the Mick.

"Yes, lady."

"I am called Mrs. Mountford," she said gently.

"Yes, lady," said the Mick.

The lady sighed. "I shall leave you boys for a little while," she said. "I hope you will play and enjoy yourselves. Then, by-and-by, we will have something to eat. See that your little friends play, Wellington," she added, and left the room.

Annie, busily engaged brewing lemonade in the kitchen, looked up startled as Mrs Mountford burst in and sank into a chair. "Oh, Annie," she gasped. "Did you see them?"

"No, mum," said Annie.

"Oh, the most awful collection of ragged little boys I ever saw," wailed Mrs. Mountford. "Some of them with no coats and they all wore their hats into the parlor and carried dirty old sticks and clubs. And they called me 'lady' and my son 'Welt' and some other horrible name. Whatever shall we do, Annie?"

"Sind fer a p'liceman, mum," suggested Annie, that being her sovereign specific for all troubles.

"No, no; we can't do anything like that," sighed Mrs. Mountford. "They are guests in our, house now. We'll just have to do the best we can—and pray."

Mrs. Mountford's parting injunction to play had relieved the embarrassment of the Gang. It had come to battle, but next best was play—in fact, it often fortuitously led to that greatest of all joys. The Mick had learned to make the best of circumstances.

"Shoot ye's in a diamind," he said, addressing the Set impersonally.

The Set made no reply, but raised its eyebrows slightly.

"Hey?" said the Mick. "I says I'll shoot ye's."

Younger members of the Set stirred nervously at this desperate threat.

"Ah-h," said the Mick, sniffing, "marbles, marbles. Ain't ye's next?"

"We do not play marbles in the parlor," said a velvet-clad member of the Set, with a tinge of hauteur.

"Oh," said the Mick shortly. "All right." He fumbled in his trousers' pocket and drew forth a pair of greasy dice.

"Fade ye's fer a nickel," he announced. "Seven, eleven; come-a-seven," he said, juggling the dice and looking at the Set hopefully. The Gang looked pleased. The Mick was making a bold front. Usually—in fact, almost always—it was for a cent. A nickel showed the Mick to be in a proud and reckless mood, not to be put to shame in the presence of wealth.

"We do not gamble," replied the spokesman of the Set.

"Well—wot—do ye's t'ink—o' dat?" said the Mick, the words coming slowly and in measured tones. Whatever the Gang did think, it made no answer. It looked to the Set for explanation, but none came.

"Match ye's, then," said the Mick. He was wonderfully patient.

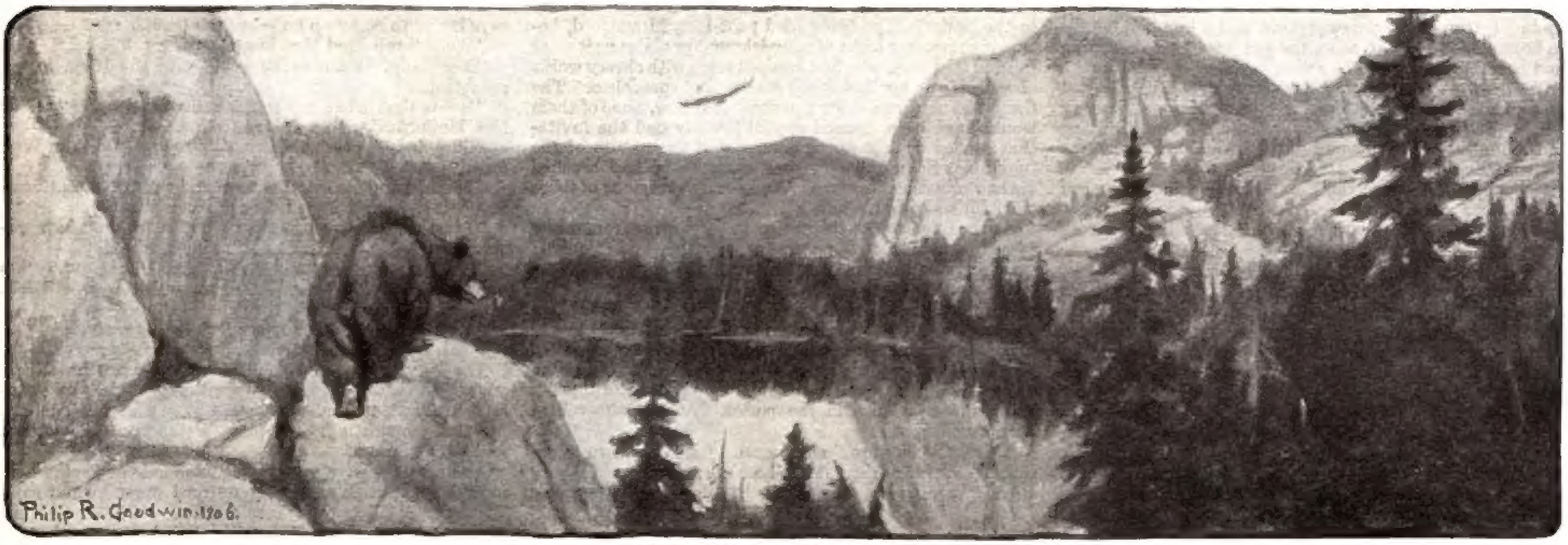
"That is gambling, too," said the leader of the Set, which now looked virtuous and shocked.

"Say," said the Mick, "we ain't on to no lizzie games. Maybe youse kin start somethin'." The words "start somethin'" caused the Gang to move expectantly. It regretted that the clubs had been taken into the hall.

The Set, meanwhile, had been coldly observing the Gang's clothes and comparing them with its own.

(Concluded on Page 29)

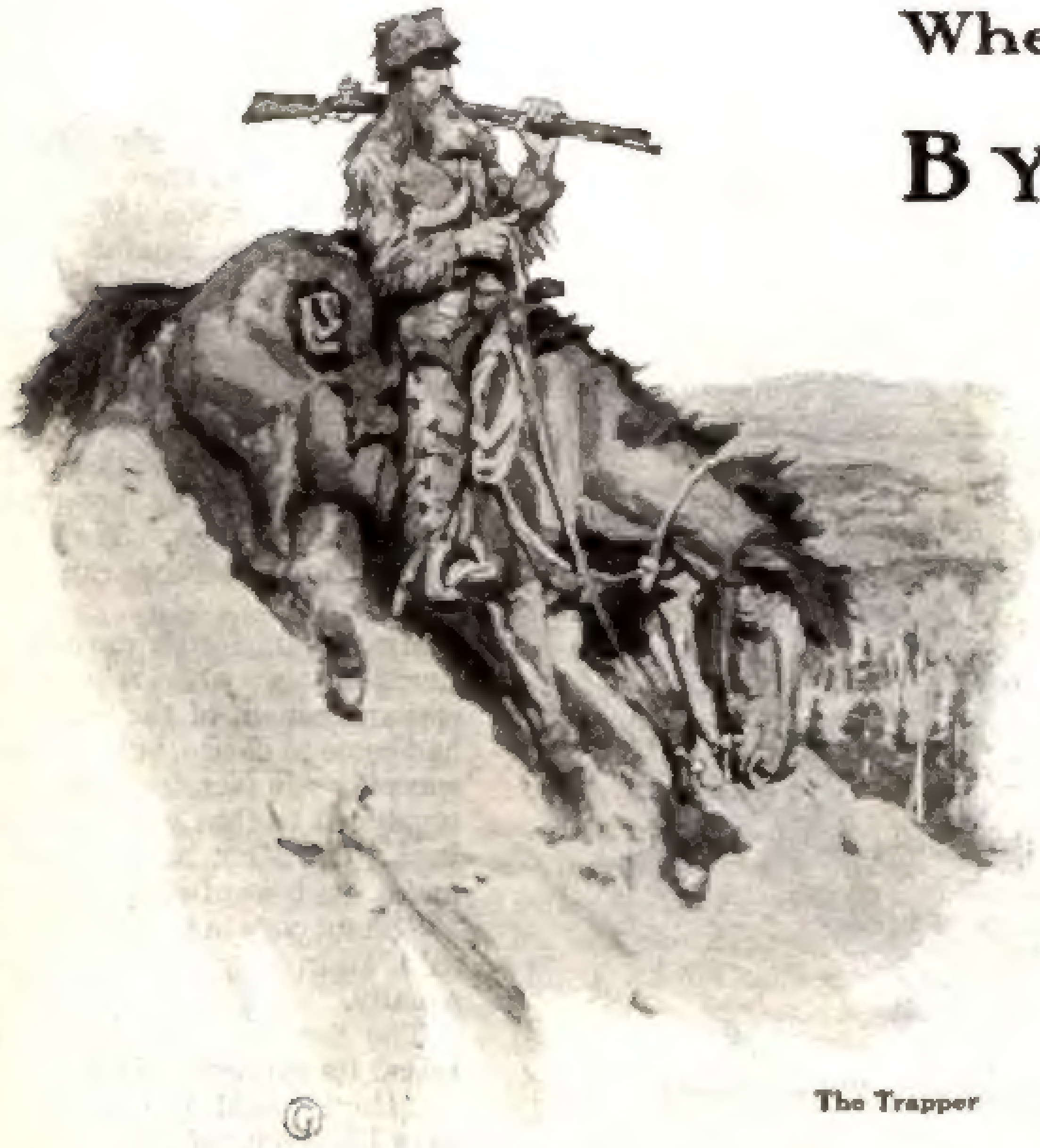
THE DAY OF LAW


Philip R. Goodwin. 1906.

The West Before the White Man Came

When Dawn in the East was the Sunset of the West

By EMERSON HOUGH



The Trapper

BREAD and butter and love are the only things in life. Combat for love or bread, and the search for both along the lines of least resistance, furnish the plot for all the dramas of all the ages. We cannot much widen this or make it much more fine.

Ever since Ararat, the earth has been girdled by a progressing fate-path, or rather a sort of moving-sidewalk, always following the sun. The land of plenty, the zone of least resistance, has always been toward the West. No part of the world has ever been worth having so long as there has existed another part not yet had.

Far back on this path of the sun men multiplied because of that cunning scheme of Nature, the thing called love. Even so, all would have been well and man would have been very handsomely stationed in life had he not in an evil, anxious moment accumulated more bread and butter than was sufficient to winter him and the family through. The trouble began with the origin of property. That meant society, law, and so hardship and restriction for the individual; as well as a whole chain of artificial vices and artificial virtues, which since then we have come to regard as real vices and real virtues—as, for instance, theft, burglary, meekness, chastity, faithfulness, peacefulness, things not needed in unorganized nature, but imperative or accepted in society. Irked by these things, a great many men, most of them strong ones, who did not need to lean on society, stepped on the moving-platform of the ages and went West. They found bread and butter, but not always love; so perhaps went back again, or sent back, after love, that they might hold the key to the only remaining problem of life. Thus society and law came up with them again. This level-seeking, this adjustment of humanity to the two old and universal problems, settled all the Wests of all the world, and presently made them over again into Easts, the social organization steadily moving in scope and complexity, and steadily asking more of the individual. Esau went ahead into the West, but Jacob followed him; and lo! Esau was not.

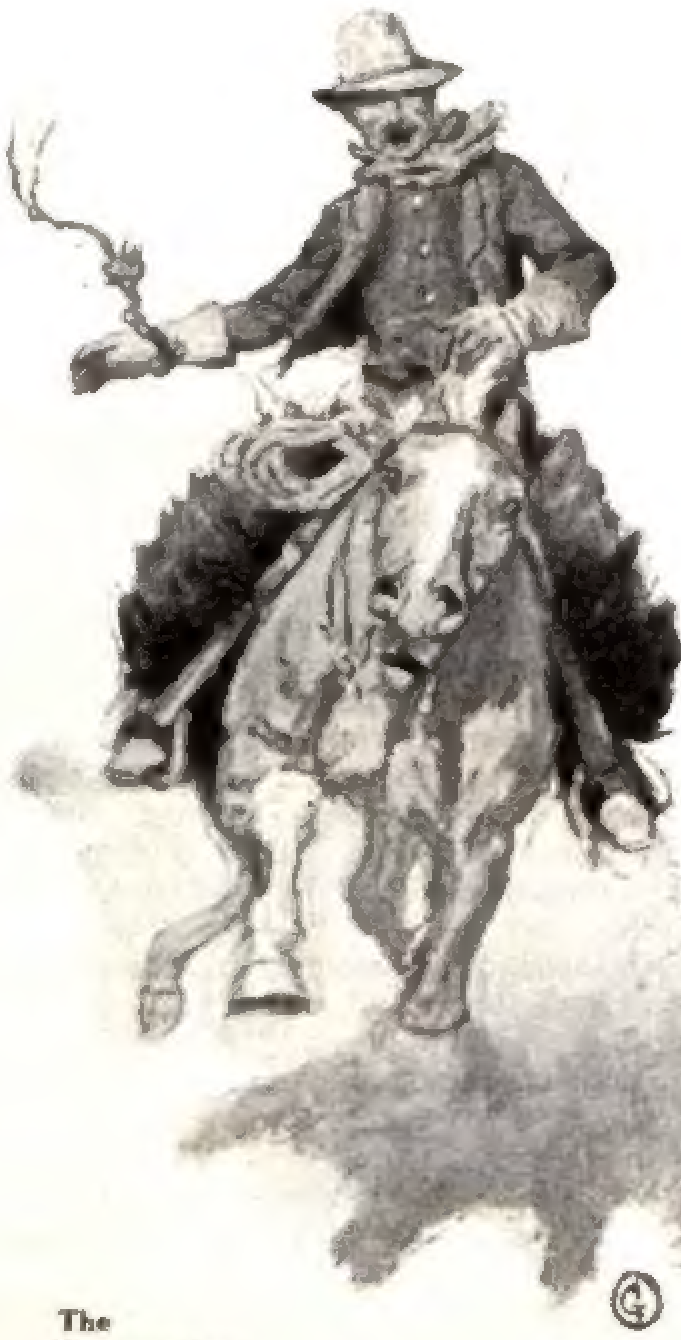
Since now the girdle has made its course—and since men will presently fly through the air, as they now speak through it—it is fair to guess that the world is getting itself ready for some other animal, some successor to man as we know him, who may perhaps create posterity by algebra and electricity. As to that, we need not speculate overmuch. Perhaps the men of that day may have a wilderness of their own, where we and our accomplishments lie buried in the dust—Standard Oil, Standard Beef, Standard Everything, in one red burial blent!

We foolishly speak of our exponents of high finance as being a part of the life-fibre of the country. They are not. We speak of them as "owning" thus and so and in such quantity of the surface of the world. They do not. They own, each for himself, love and bread and butter, if they can get it, and no more. As to the law—which has to deal only with surplus and unnecessary things, the which we call property—it has since Ararat followed on westward. You and I submit to it only through the overloaded instinct of love and through the overloaded instinct for our offsprings' welfare. We enslave ourselves to lay up more than enough bread and butter to winter the family through. Angels could do no more. But, as soon as we have a surplus, society and the law come along and catch up with us, and play Jacob-and-Esau with us until our perceptions are altogether clouded as to the real and irreducible things of life. But that is how the West beckoned and won and grew and waned, all across the earth after the sun, until now there is not anywhere to go, and the world is preparing to institute posterity without love and life without bread.

What is the most curious thing in our little lives is the fact that we rebel to this day against that property which we have set up as a god for our worship; that in our funny little souls we still reverence the big men who left property, and stepped on the sidewalk fresh from Ararat. We curiously feel along the front legs of a horse and find traces of his other toes of long ago, when he had five toes as against one to-day and could run joyously on a hillside. There are splints on the soul of man as well. There is hardly a man to-day who would not rather play cards on a cowskin than work at a desk all day and dress for dinner at night We continually find rudiments, or remnants, of a bigger life, when man ran more joyously and securely. The wilderness and the old are in our blood. We reverence our great rebels. We honor the primitive. In our dreams we hear the call of a wilder land, without the artificial law.

But when the law came, when Jacob overtook Esau once more, when society and its artificialities overtook the frontier once more, and the jackals again caught up with the lions—why, then the West faded all across the earth. That the law has come in America there can be no doubt; because recently one United States Senator and a few friends blithely stole three million acres of land which once belonged to you and me. Without the law they could not have committed this theft.

To-night I read in the letters of stout John Wood, an Englishman who fled from tithes and corn laws in 1819, and sought residence in the English Prairie, in lower Illinois. It took him one hundred and thirty-nine days to journey from New England to Illinois. He was thirty-eight

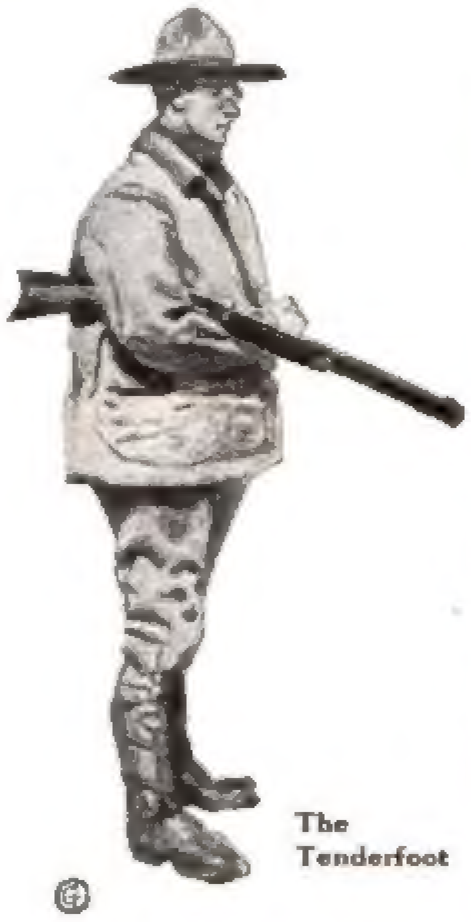


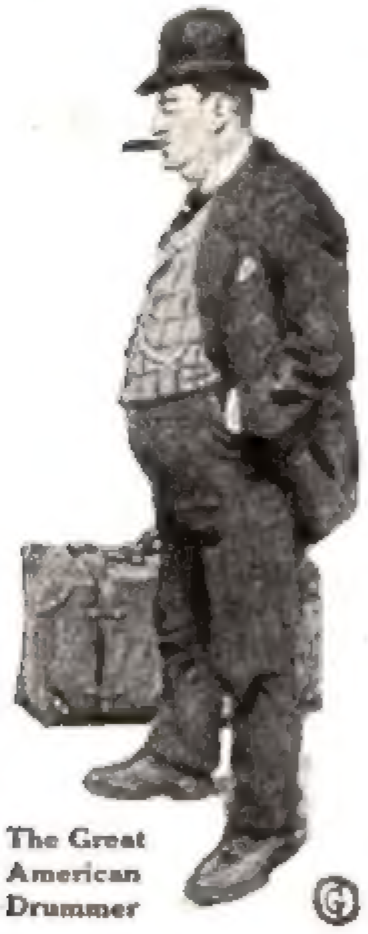
The Cow-puncher

days in going from Pittsburg to Shawneetown, on the Ohio River, and he prattles about a national road, which then ended at Wheeling, and which we have all of us long since forgotten. This morning, as it chances, I reached Chicago from Pittsburg, an equal distance, in just eight hours, and slept all the way. Such is the speed now possible for Jacob pursuing Esau across the earth. Take this in connection with the fact that we, in our unspeakable national folly, open our gates widest to the most unfit Jacobs, and rush them across seas and across the continent to scramble for what we have thrown away, and the only wonder is that there is any West at all still bearing that name. This transcontinental fury, this haste of little Jacob, this delirium, this insanity—what shall we call it? No matter what we call it. It has come, this day of the law.

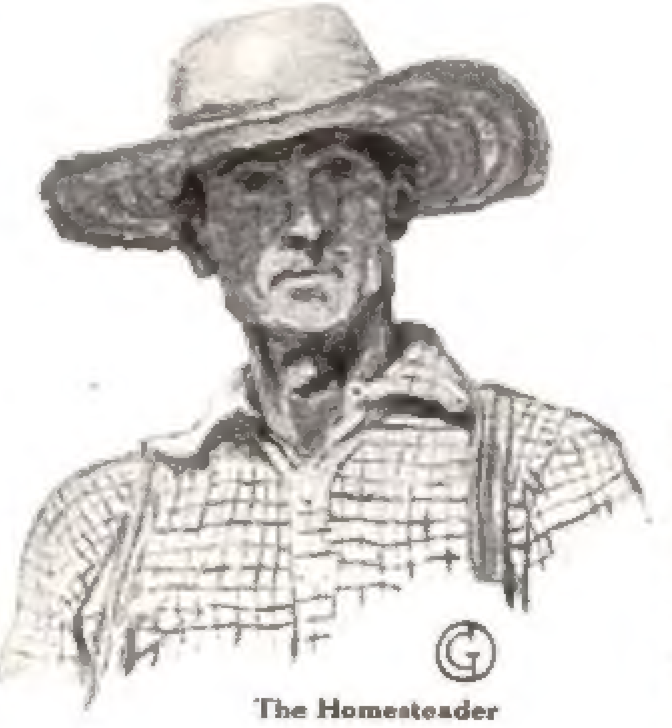
When the day of steam came Jacob abandoned the Ohio and the Mississippi and the Missouri and went across lots. Many have been the incongruities of this strange age. When the Southern Cheyennes broke north from their grounds in the Indian Nations, and slaughtered women and children and men across Kansas and into Nebraska, settlers spread the news among the scattered farms by means of side-bar buggies and whalebone whips—a thing singular anywhere but west of the Missouri. The next Indian outbreak will be reported by automobile. Write about the West? Tell a cowboy story? Ah, the friend who dreams of such things is only feeling his soul-splint, his rudimentary but useless reminder that once there was a day when the law had not yet come!

Once, some years ago, a young artist and myself were very wisely discharged by a newspaper and left on foot in the short-grass country, both with the eating habit firmly implanted, and with no means to accommodate life to this habit. "We will move the rain-belt," said my friend. "They will pay us for that." So we entered into an unholy alliance to institute booms across the short-grass region, where town-site stakes were at that time largely visible. That was before William Allen White had been captured. There was still very much the matter with Kansas. Emporia and many other cities, where to-day you may see that life is the same as in the rest of the world, were hanging perilously near to the edge of the existing rain-belt.


The Tenderfoot

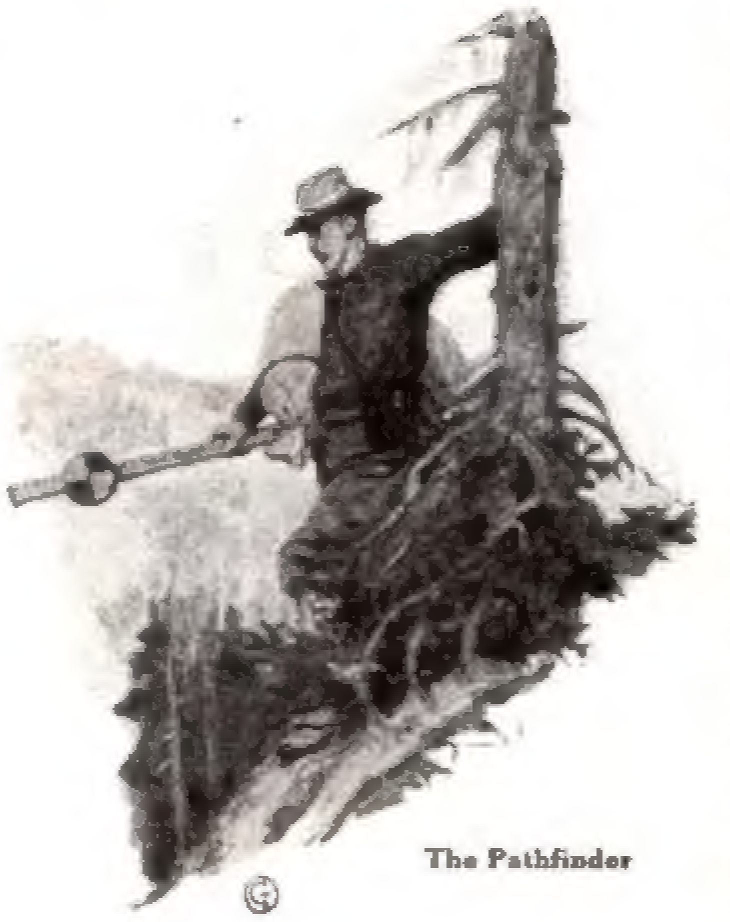

The Great American Drummer

My friend and I moved this longitudinal line of moisture steadily West—in type—and accompanied by pictures of avenues of trees and public buildings, mostly drawn from the architects' plans. We printed many maps showing railroads in process of construction. We wrote of the whirr of reaping-machines as inevitable for a country whose tenantry at that time consisted of coyotes and jack-rabbits. There was no wild imagining which we did not set down as fact for settlers' consumption. Then, guilty-minded, we fled, with a fat though wholly transient purse, and endeavored to prove an alibi. The alibi was not necessary. A while later we both went back across the field of our operations. Lo, a miracle had been wrought! The railroads were there, and the courthouses and the avenues of trees, and the clacking machines and the population; even the rain-belt had indeed moved West. We had not dreamed wide enough!


The Homesteader

Twenty years ago one could have killed a carload of antelope in a day, had one so wished, in southwest Kansas and Oklahoma, where the soil is supporting a good population now. We killed buffalo in 1886 where they raise Kaffir corn and specialized dry-land wheat to-day. In six hundred miles of New Mexico last fall we saw one antelope. They are farming the buffalo range of the Panhandle which we thought would forever be a desert when we hunted it twenty years ago. The dry-land farms are west of the New Mexico line to-day, and there is farming even without irrigation where not long since you might have squatted on an empire, with no one bothering his soul to say you nay, because each man could have had as wide and dry an empire if he desired. Lately, as it chances, a friend of mine bought a set of abstract books in a county-seat town in the Indian Nations. There is nothing remarkable about that, except that just twenty years ago I used to run white-tailed deer with greyhounds across that town-site.

Ten years ago I was wont to hunt bear with Captain Bobo, of Mississippi, in what was then the least-known wilderness of America. We killed ten bears in eight days on one hunt, but Bobo, the greatest bear hunter this country ever knew, was silent and thoughtful. "Buy some land," he said. "It is two dollars and a half an acre. Buy it." At which, of course, I laughed, knowing that the Yazoo Delta could never, by any human possibility, be settled. The raw land is twenty-five dollars an acre there to-day; cleared land is worth fifty to one hundred dollars; and there is a railroad across each ten miles of that recent wilderness. Up in Alberta there is going on to-day one of the last of the big land rushes that will be possible in the West. This is not our West, but that of our sister, Canada, which will be one of Uncle Sam's family some day, just as surely as Mexico will, and that is fairly sure. Five years ago, Mr. James H. Eckels, now a bank president in Chicago, and once Comptroller of the United States Currency, went with some friends into the British provinces to buy some thousands of acres of land. We who were really wise men laughed at their folly in going to the icy north. But the settlers' belt has now pushed on across those lands, clear to the edge of the Selkirks, and lands in the Northwest have prices to-day which seem fabulous, but are not. Nearly two hundred thousand American farmers, able young men, have stepped on the moving-sidewalk and gone to the far Northwest.

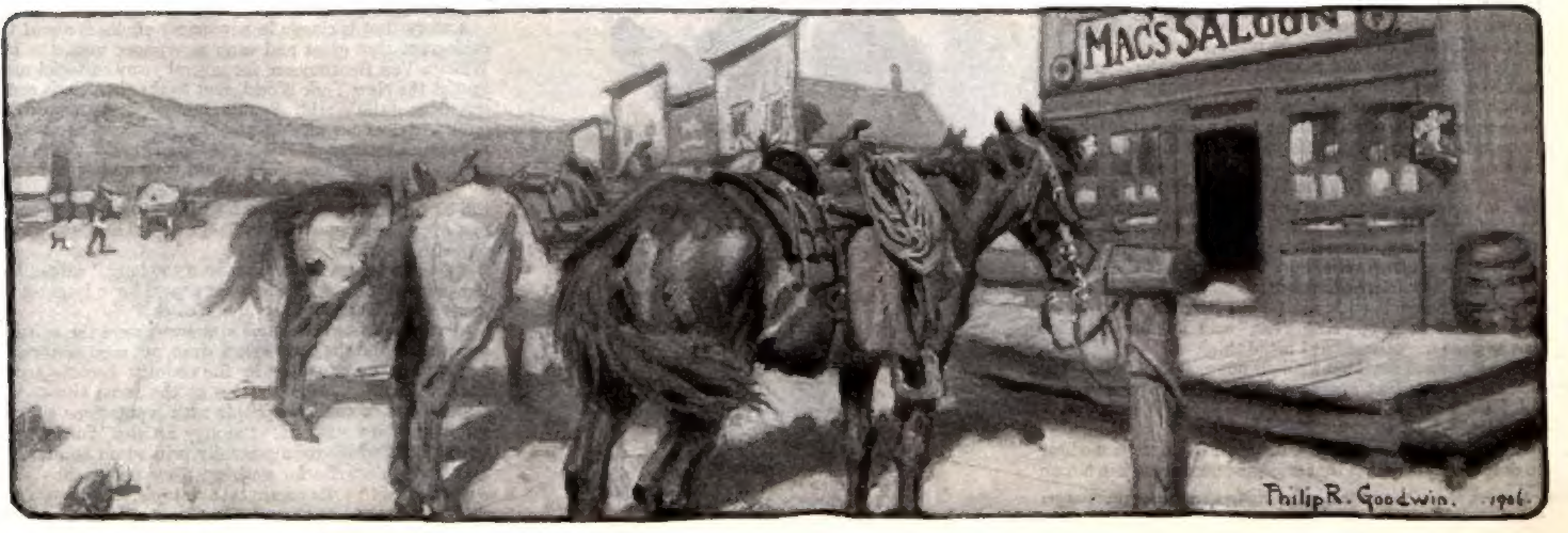

The Pathfinder

The pilgrimage is nearly done. Jacob has arrived, my brethren. His little black trunk is off the cars, his cheap ticket is punched by "Jim Hill" and others, and his halting wheels are wiping out even the tracks of the Red River cart and the dog *travois* over the old frozen hunting-grounds of the far North. If we want a West to-day we must make one.

To be sure, the great tendencies of life remain with us at all ages of the world, among which is the disposition of man cheerfully to eat a half-loaf when he has not a whole one, and to pronounce the half-loaf very good eating. Everything is relative to something else. Thus the old trappers of the Rockies, who had followed the beaver into the most glorious empire of adventuring the world ever saw, came down out of the mountains when the silk hat was invented by his Satanic Majesty, and frankly admitted to each other that the world had come to a complete, utter and entire end. And so it had, the world of exploration. That was in 1834, and the date is the only one in American history worth remembering; since, if we know its bearings on the development of the West, we know most of the great things in our history.

But 1834 was not conclusive. Some twenty years or so later, after Kit Carson had endeavored to settle down as a rancher, he got together a band of old-time men, and they made one of the most peculiar and most pathetic voyages ever known, one whose sentimentality we should hardly have suspected in the case of grizzled fighting-men. Their band moved together in the old-time fashion into all the old corners of the Rockies which the Northwest Company, and the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Missouri River Fur Company, and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and all the other companies—headed by Ashley, and Henry, and Fitzpatrick, and Sublette, and Prevost, and Smith, and Hugh Monroe—had ever visited. They traveled all the old trails; how dear to them only the mountain-goer may know. They did this to say good-by to the West. "We have shaken hands with the mountains and the rivers and said good-by to them," they reported

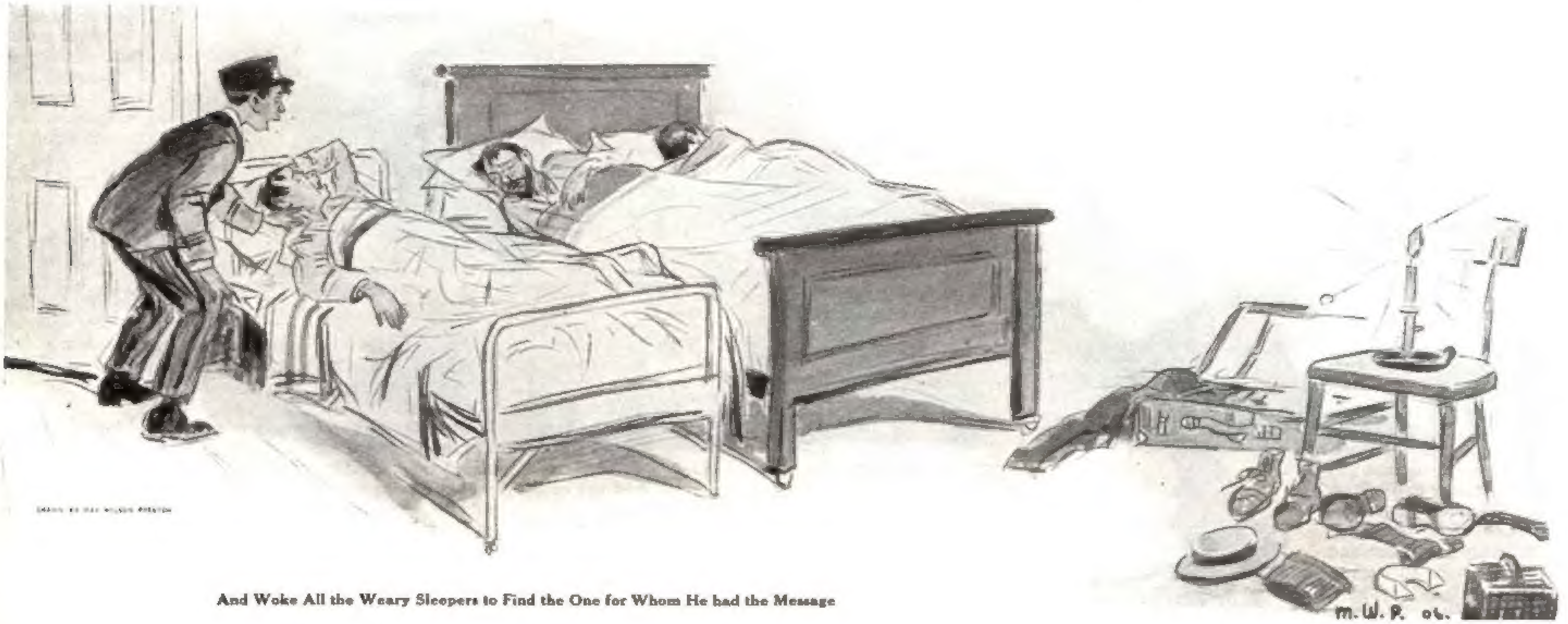
(Continued on Page 27)



The West as the White Man Has Made It

Humors of Yellow Journalism

BY A REFORMED YELLOW JOURNALIST



And Woke All the Weary Sleepers to Find the One for Whom He had the Message

THE signed statement is practically a back number now, but a few years ago it was the backbone of the yellow paper. No big story was complete without a few signed statements. When the Brooklyn Handicap was run there were always signed statements from the trainer of the winner, the owner, the jockey and the horse. If there was a political contention, the political leaders and the candidates said a few, well-chosen words in signed statements. If an enterprising burglar was caught, he gave the newspapers signed statements showing how he burgled and how he happened to be taken in. The participants in any event were besought to tell their stories. It made no difference to the editors that the reporters could tell the stories for the principals fifty times better than the principals could, that being the business of the reporters. The individual story was a "human interest" document. If a careless young woman swallowed a paper of pins and would tell how she felt during the process, it was a brilliant stroke for the paper. And the more she writhed—in the story—the better it was.

Everybody was asked for a statement. The newspapers were speckled with this turgid stuff, amateurish if it was genuine and uninteresting if it was not genuine. The yellow editors thought they had reached the acme of reporting. The personal document: that was the thing! John Jones fell out of a tenth-story window, or swam across the Hudson when the ice was a foot thick, or tried to kill his beloved pastor, or kicked a sneak thief downstairs, or had a fortune left him, or found a dollar bill in the street. John had to tell about it. He told about it, "exclusively for the ——," too. Never forget that. Signed statements were always exclusive. They had to be. It took a massive yellow brain to think them out and there was no duplication.

This mania was the reason, also, for the Christmas and New Year greetings, and for the Fourth of July and Labor Day and all other sorts of day sentiments. It was the acme of enterprise to print half a page of platitudes from notables telling people to be good and they would be happy.

"Look at this," said John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, to a Washington newspaper man one afternoon just before the holidays. The Secretary pointed to a bundle of letters and telegrams on his desk. "Here are one hundred and fifty requests from editors in all parts of the country asking for New Year sentiments."

"What did you send them?" the Secretary was asked.

"I told them Happy New Year," said Mr. Long. "That was as good a sentiment as I could think of."

It was a good sentiment, albeit not exactly original, but it is safe to say that every one of the editors printed it as "A New Year sentiment to the ——," with great typographical effect.

These so-called human documents drove many an editor to despair. There was that engaging occasion when a man walked into the office of a New York paper and said he intended to jump off the Brooklyn bridge.

"Great!" said the editor. "When?"

"To-morrow."

"Keep it to yourself and I will give you fifty dollars for the story of how you felt whirling through the air."

The price was satisfactory. A reporter wrote the signed statement. It was full of thrills. The man jumped off the bridge. A reporter went along to see there was no cheating. He notified the office, and the paper came out with the full and vivid tale of the jumper's experiences, his thoughts in the air, as he left the bridge, as he struck the water and as he emerged triumphant, "Dictated to the —— immediately after he was taken from the water."

It was a handsome stroke. The editor congratulated himself until he learned that the jumper hit a tug before he hit the water and was taken out unconscious and paralyzed and did not talk for a week. The other papers made that fact quite apparent to the public. They had been "beaten on the story," you know.

There was a shooting affair in Virginia. Some men tried to haze a young chap from Brooklyn who had moved there. He shot several of them. Most of the intruders were killed, but one, shot through the spine, was brought to a hospital in Washington to die.

May Wilson Preston

The Pugilist Told of the Fight

"Get a signed statement from this man!" frantically wired an editor. "Get him to write his experiences for us. Go to his bedside and obtain this. We want a column from him for the morning."

That was easy. The man was shot through the spine and could not move, much less talk, and all that had been stated explicitly in the dispatches.

The craze for signed statements resulted in the building up of a large number of what the yellow reporters called "props" in the large cities. "Props" are men of some importance who will allow reporters to write statements for them for the pleasure of appearing in print and for the advertising it gives them. Some of the names on the lists of "props" would have astonished those who hung on the words of these public men. They knew they were safe with the reporters, for no reporter worth a second thought ever betrayed a confidence. The reporters wrote innocuous little essays, which were paraded with much display and were as stupid as tariff speeches. The reportorial term for these was "Stuff-they-will-stand-for." A "property" statement-maker would stand for a statement—that is, he would say he had written it if another paper asked him about it. Thus, the papers carried signed statements on every living subject, day after day, from the same set of men. Presently, the craze for this sort of reporting wore away. Very few signed statements are printed now, and none should be, for they are the most bogus of all the tricks of yellow journalism to attract attention.

A story that is classic in newspaper circles is about the cablegram that great and sane newspaper man, the late William Van Benthuysen, for several years editorial manager of the New York World, sent to the then Paris correspondent of the World. Santos Dumont was to make a first public trial of his airship and the American newspapers were much interested. He made his ascension, but lighted on the top of a house. The World correspondent cabled:

"Santos Dumont made his first ascension to-day. You will be gratified to know that I was first to greet him on the roof of the house where his airship landed and will have a signed statement."

"You stayed on the roof an hour too long," cabled Van Benthuysen in reply; "the other papers have been on the street with the story since nine o'clock."

First cousins to the signed statement were the editorial symposium and the plain symposium, not used editorially. Apparently, every editor in the country became inoculated with the "name" rabies at the same time. The country was scoured for people with reputations at some specialty who would write "stodgy articles" for editorial symposiums which were generally printed on Sunday. If they wouldn't write for nothing, they were paid. They were allowed to write on almost any topic, if they would be short and as much to the point as they could be. The result

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Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on the Humors of Yellow Journalism.

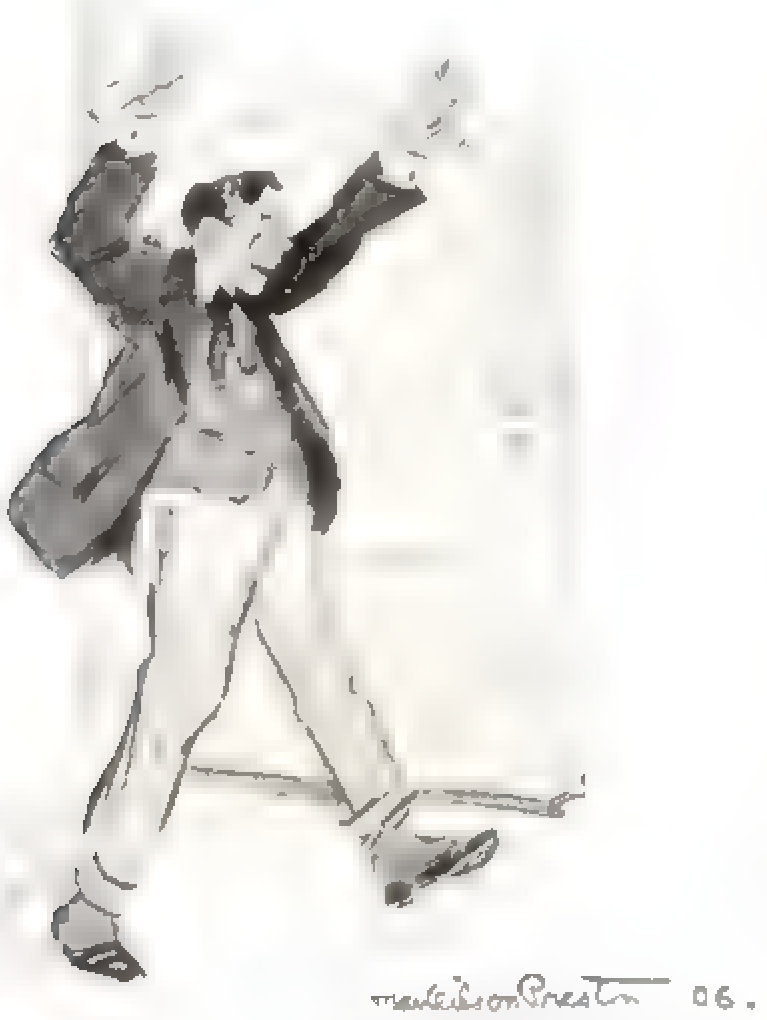
was that, Sunday after Sunday, the papers appeared with pages of this stupid stuff on this and that and the other subject and having no particular bearing on anything in particular. The editors were tickled, though. They had names. That is all there was to it. The list of contributors ranged down through the celebrities to the twelfth carbon copies of great men and women that abound. The reward to the editor was that the man with the name wrote "for the ." There is no evidence that anybody read this stuff, but that is a detail. It could be advertised.

Then there were the "What Would You Do?" symposiums. "What would you do if you had a billion dollars?" "What would you do if your wife wore bloomers?" "What would you do if you had your life to live over again?" "What would you do if you were a fish?" There is no limit to this sort of query, and the papers printed pages of the perfunctory, witless replies.

"Ask the Senators what they would do if they had $75,000,000?" the Sunday editor of the yellowest of the lot telegraphed to his correspondent at Washington.

"What would I do if I had $75,000,000?" snorted Senator Mason, of Illinois. "Why, I'd spend half of it building an asylum for editors who ask such imbecile questions."

Correlative symposium propositions were like this: Is everybody going crazy? Are we getting richer, poorer, taller, shorter, thinner, fatter, balder, happier, sadder? Anything that would obtain a series of replies, mostly half-baked and none with any merit or consequence.


"*Why? Why? Why?*" That was the Daily Question

The drag-net statement idea was developed into the specific or expert phase. The plan of getting anybody with a name to write his opinions was discarded for the plan of getting persons who were supposed to know. If there was a war a soldier was asked. If there was a football match a football player was asked. The pugilist told of the fight. The actor of the play. To be sure, the reporter, always in the background, wrote the articles, thus imparting to them whatever of style or interest or humor they had, but that was another detail. It sounded well to say: "Micky McGinnis will describe his great fight with Maxey Magoozielum exclusively for the ——." The mere fact that Mr. McGinnis could not string "Good-morning" together grammatically was not for public consumption. Experts still linger here and there, but most of them have passed out. The reporter, who knows how and when, is getting back into his own.

There was a football game at Philadelphia between the midshipmen from Annapolis and the cadets from West Point soon after Colonel Roosevelt became President. He went to see it, and Admiral Dewey went along representing the Navy and General Miles the Army, together with a host of lesser lights in official and service circles.

"When the Washington contingent gets to Philadelphia," were the instructions of one unfortunate reporter sent to "cover" the story, "make arrangements to have General Miles report the game for us from the Army side and Admiral Dewey from the Navy side. Then put an expert stenographer in the box with the President and have him take down every word the President says during the progress of the game. This will make a good feature for the morning."

There was no doubt about that. It would make a great feature. But as a layman, imagine, if you can, the feelings and emotions of the young man who was ordered to make these arrangements. Think of a stenographer sitting at the elbow of the President and taking down every word he uttered "during the progress of the game"! The man who sent that telegram was fairly rational, too. It was the old trick of giving out an impossible assignment and waiting for results. He knew there wouldn't be any, but there might be—there might.

"And then see what you've got."

A crusade is the darling of the yellow editor. It may be a crusade for cheaper gas, or coal, or ice, or for more salt in the sea, or to equip all lunch-wagons with fire-escapes, or for any other important reform. It is the precept of some newspaper proprietors that a crusade of some kind should be running all the time. Some of these crusades have been the redeeming features of yellow journalism. Some newspapers have kept at them constantly. Iniquitous combinations have been dissolved. There have always been results when the object was worthy. Witness the way the New York World crushed the Ice Trust. When the object was trivial, the only result has been to make the people laugh. A crusade consists in getting a specific object in view and hammering at it day after day; in using all the forces of publicity to bring the desired object about.

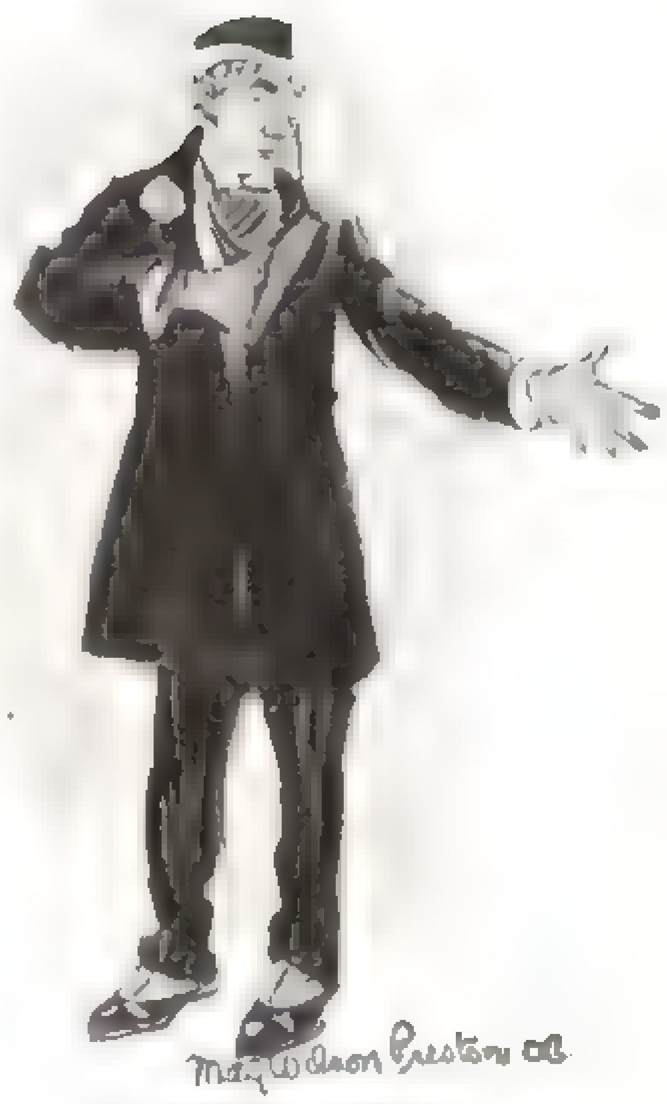
With the development of yellow journalism came the development of the writing men. The news men on the paper were divided into two general classes in the old days: the reporters who were in the home office and the correspondents who were outside, at the ends of telegraph-wires, and who were reporters, too, of course. The yellow editors developed yellow writers.

First came the "commissioners." These were sublimated reporters who went from place to place and devoted to the object at hand more wisdom, more talent, more high and holy enthusiasm and more everything than anybody else possibly could—they thought. When commissioners became too common, "ambassadors" blossomed. It was a commissioner who started his dispatch from Athens, after a battle in the war between Greece and Turkey: "I always sing when I go into battle"; but it was an ambassador who said to his son who aspired to a newspaper career: "My son, it is fitting that you should follow in the footsteps of your great father. There is but one thing I would say to you, and that is this: No matter how you may be tempted, no matter what the circumstances may be, never, I beg of you, never do as I have done and plunge two great nations into war."

No person in the world ever took himself one-half so seriously as one of these ambassadors or commissioners. They scattered capital "I's" through their articles with an abandon that made their entire productions seem perpendicular after they were put in type. "I saw," "I said," "I talked," "I asked," "I" did this, that and the other—that was the recompense of the commissioner. The editor let him say "I" and he said it so much that pretty soon he came to believe "I," and after that he was as impossible as the stuff he was writing. They used to advise everybody from the President down. They had visions that were as fantastic as their own personalities, but while they flourished they were the stars on the yellow stage. Now most of them are in the rear rooms, wondering what has hit them, and not realizing that egotism is not the only requisite to an enduring success.

Years ago there was a man in Washington who would have been an ambassador if he had been at work in yellow times. He had it in him, but he retired before the spasms became very marked. He would go to the White House and sit patiently in the old public waiting-room until President Cleveland came through. Then he would say, "Good-morning," and toddle back to his office, where he would write three columns of constructive Administration statesmanship, and begin it: "I saw the President to-day." That much of the article was true. The constructive statesmanship that followed probably impressed the readers as being the outcome of that seeing, and it was only President Cleveland had no more to do with it than the Shah of Persia.

Where the yellow editor shone brightest was when he was giving out assignments. Yellow editors were hired to have "ideas." An idea is something that can be worked into a freak or a feature. It was the province of the editor to "build up" news stories, to find yellow ends to them, to see the possibilities in innocuous things and, always, always, to search for the ulterior motive. They were heavy on ulterior motives. "*Why? Why? Why?*" That was the daily question. What is behind all this? It was usually nothing, but it ill boots a reporter to discourage the brilliance of his editor and "throw down" his suggestions and ideas. Thus the reporters, honest in the beginning, became yellow themselves, for, if a man who wanted to keep his job was instructed and expected to find something where there was nothing, he usually found it.


The Actor Told of the Play

There was that genius who, looking for something great, evolved an idea that was perfect. He called in a reporter one afternoon and gave him an envelope. He was mysterious. Yellow editors always are.

"Take this envelope," he said, "and go to the corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway. Open it there and carry out the instructions inside."

The editor had read, possibly, of ships that sailed with sealed orders, and it appealed to him.

The reporter didn't wait until he reached Twenty-third Street to open the envelope. He opened it in the hallway. The assignment read somewhat like this:

"Scientists are discovering every day that germs are more and more responsible for the actions of people and their diseases. This is the holiday season and the papers are full of stories of respectable women who steal things in the department-stores. They call it kleptomania. It attacks persons high and low. There must be a kleptomania germ. There can be no other solution to this outbreak of that disease. Find the germ, describe it and make a good lively story for two columns."

That reporter went to Twenty-third Street, but he didn't look for the kleptomania germ. Instead, he telegraphed in his resignation and got another job.

Yellow editors had great sport with the telegraph wire. It was even easier to write a telegram to an unlucky correspondent in another city than it was to give a reporter an assignment. The man at the other end of the wire was helpless. He couldn't suggest reasons why the assignment was impossible or try to smooth it out into something tangible. He had to do the best he could and let it go at that. The most famous of all the yellow telegrams is the one that a neurotic night editor sent to a correspondent a thousand miles away:

"There is something in the air. Send a thousand words quick."

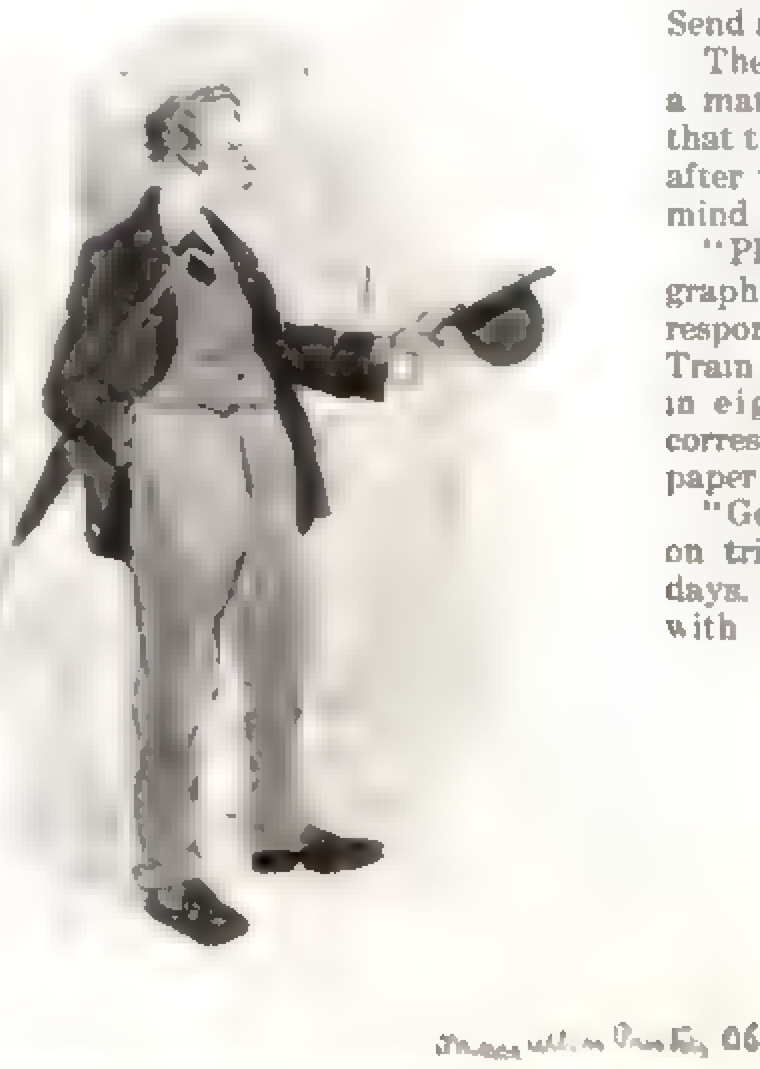
Then there is that other one, to a man who complained by wire that the facts in the story he was after were hard to get: "Never mind the facts; send the details."

"Please be brilliant," telegraphed a yellow editor to a correspondent. When George Francis Train was going around the world in eighty days, the Vancouver correspondent of a New York paper telegraphed:

"George Francis Train here on trip around world in eighty days. I have good interview with him. You will remember me as the man who covered the Riel rebellion for you."

The night editor wired back: "Never mind Train, but rush two thousand words on Riel rebellion."

"Look in the files of twelve years ago," the disgusted correspondent replied.

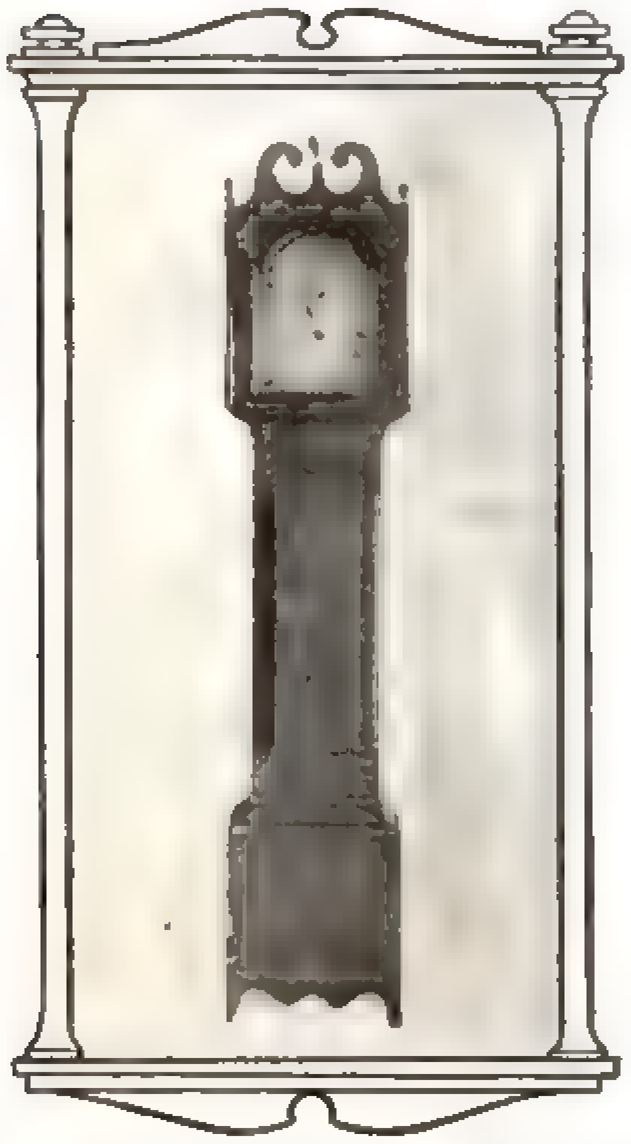

And Said He Intended to Jump Off the Brooklyn Bridge

(*Concluded on Page 26*)

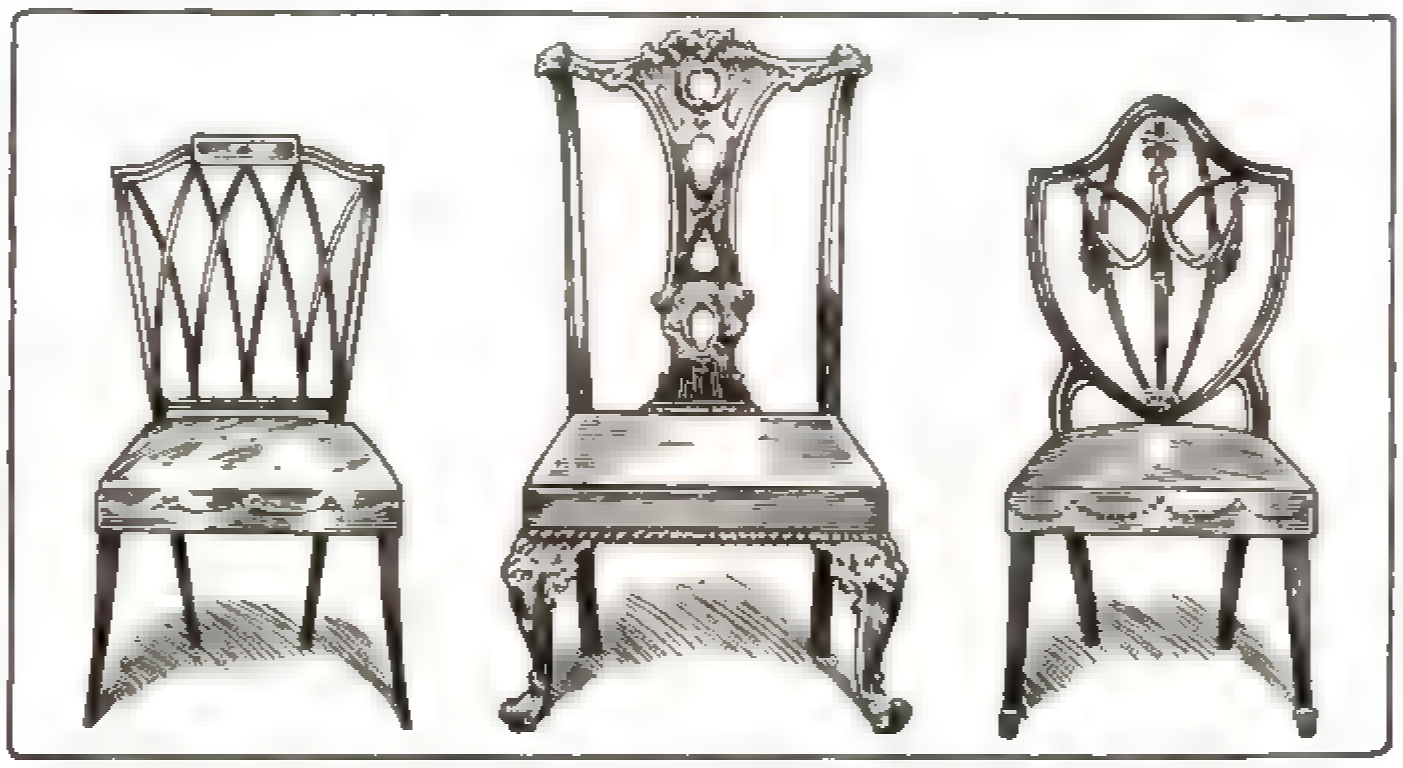
THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

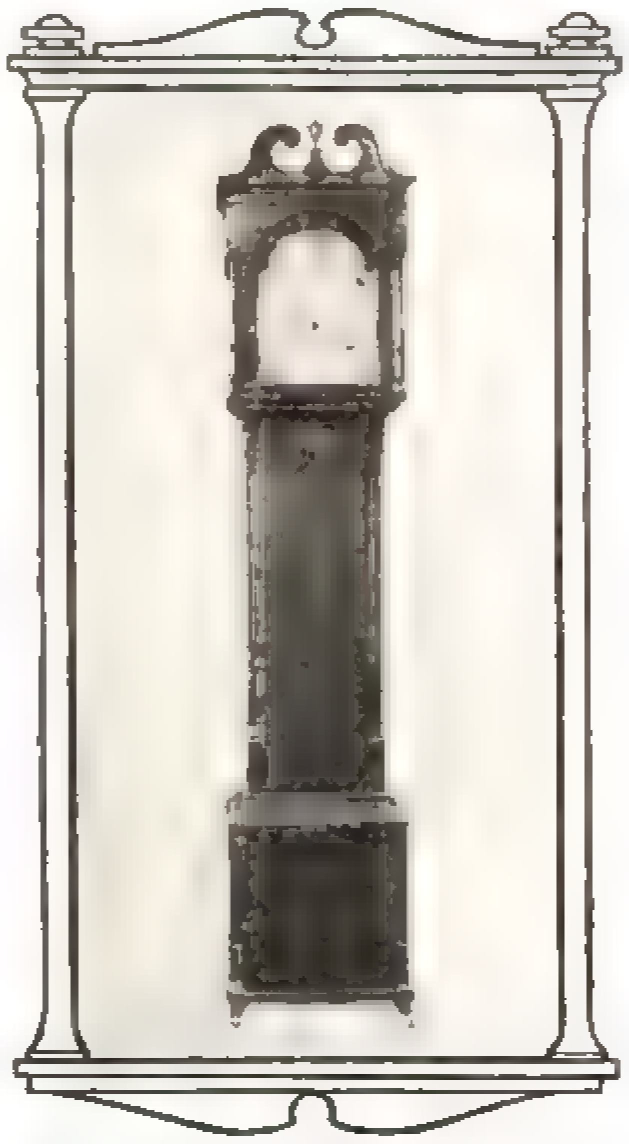
FEELING OUR WAY



The Wooden-Works Grandfather's Clock Bought for Twelve Dollars. It Keeps Good Time



Typical Chairs from the Original Designs of 1 — Sheraton, 2—Chippendale, 3— Heppelwhite



Thomas Jefferson's Clock. In the Rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society This Also is a Bonnet Top

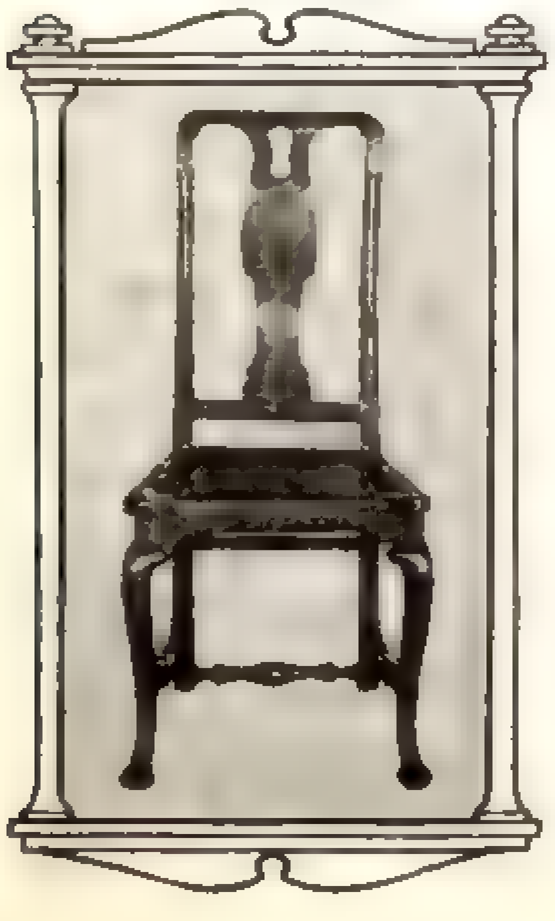
VERY early in the quest of the old, one comes to realize that there is often an important difference between finding a prize and securing it. Many of those who possess old furniture have a high and just appreciation of it, and in such cases the right-minded collector does not want to get it. But there are other owners who neither prize a thing themselves nor permit it to pass into other hands.

In the garret of one of the oldest houses of the Western Reserve we discovered an old grandfather's clock. It had been made in Connecticut; it had been carried to the shores of Lake Erie in those early days when the wilderness was still unbroken, when the pioneers took with them indispensable furniture, household supplies, clothing, shoes for every member of the family for years to come and for children still unborn. And here the clock was, after years of usefulness, lying flat on its face on the floor. It had lain there, said the owner indifferently, for thirty years, waiting to be repaired. He would neither repair it nor set it up, nor would he let any clock-lover obtain it.

And so, although there is somewhat of whimsicality in feeling annoyance because a man does as he pleases with his own, we none the less felt annoyed.

It was not long after this experience that we obtained, from an old house on Long Island, the tall grandfather's clock which we still possess. And our difficulties with it have been full of amusing instruction for us.

The clock is of good shape and design, it is of good height, full seven feet and five inches, and the top is of that charming "broken-arch" or "bonnet-top" design which first made its appearance in the furniture of Queen Anne's time, and was not much used before 1730.



Cane-Seated Chair of the Late Seventeenth Century, with Back Showing Dutch Influence. Now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

But this clock does not date back so far as that. The dial-plate is of white enamel, and this alone, to begin with, would show that it was not made before the latter part of the Revolution. Before that the dials were of metal, of brass or of silver plate. There are other indications which fix the date at not long after 1790.

There is neither a date nor the name of the maker, but it is often surprising, in fixing the age of furniture, how much can be determined from the style and the ornamentation. The design, on the upper part of the dial-face of this clock, of an eagle, two American flags and two shields, shows that it was not made before the eagle became the national emblem. And this design is amusingly worthy of examination as an example of bucolic heraldry. The shields are held out on the ends of two sticks, giving the precise effect of spades. The flags are a trifle nondescript in character. The colors of flags and spades are soft red and white and blue, softened still more by age. But the eagle is brown—a gold eagle—and with outstretched wings is perched, not on some classic pedestal, but on the ridge of a barn! The barn is tiny. It is scarcely half the size of the eagle itself. But it is none the less, unmistakably, a plain barn, such as the maker of the design must often have seen large birds perched upon. The entire effect, although it can scarcely be called artistic, is very pleasing, and proves at least an independence of thought on the part of the simple-hearted maker.

The tall cased-in clock stands with a dignity and simplicity of line that are very charming. And it cost but twelve dollars, which is very little for an old, brass-ornamented grandfather's clock.

But it has wooden works! And among the mistakes which collectors just beginning are liable to make, the getting of a clock with wooden works is one.

Not but that wooden works have some degree of special merit. They seem, indeed, to give an air of greater simplicity and age. But, although this effect is right enough as to simplicity, that of age is quite factitious. As a matter of fact, all of the oldest tall clocks have works of brass. The putting in of works of wood came through an enforced simplicity of life resulting from the Revolution. Economy of price was suited to the hard and barren years of the end of the century.

Clocks of this kind are to be prized, as they represent an unquestioned Americanism. Most of them were made in Connecticut, a place noted for the manufacture of other small, round wooden things besides cog-wheels of clocks, and the one we have was doubtless carried thence across the Sound. But their disadvantage lies in liability to get out of order, and in the difficulty of getting them repaired. One is tempted to wish for the reincarnation of that ancient clock-makers' guild, of nearly three hundred years ago, whose members were authorized to seek out and confiscate clocks, as the old charter naively has it, "with bad and deceitful works." Ask a modern clockmaker to repair wooden works, and he will shake his head, with a smile. "No one can do that nowadays!" One must do as we did: find some old-fashioned worker of requisite knowledge.

No one can gather a collection without, in the beginning, making mistakes. Now and then, as others do, we picked up the wrong thing, and, finding it out in the course of time, discarded it. It would be difficult to name any line of acquisition in which greater care is requisite. Not only is eternal vigilance the price of having genuine specimens but it must be a vigilance well informed. And even though the pieces in a collection be genuine, there must also be, to enjoy them to the full, some knowledge of styles and makes.

There are no names in more common use, in describing styles of furniture, than those of Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton. To these might be added numerous others, the most important being Empire, Adam and Jacobean.

Chippendale was a cabinet-maker of the middle of the eighteenth century. He published a book of designs of furniture, and his name has come to stand for the work of an entire school. There are few articles of furniture on this side of the Atlantic that were made in his own shop, but other workers copied him closely, as he intended them to do. More than fourscore cabinet-makers of London are known to have subscribed for his book, and workers in America also eagerly followed his style.

He was a man of forcefulness and originality. He eschewed inlay and painting, and depended for his effects on proportion, strength and craftsmanship. The Chippendale chair, in particular, is always recognizable. It has a certain bow-shaped top, and down the middle of the back runs a graceful perforated splat.

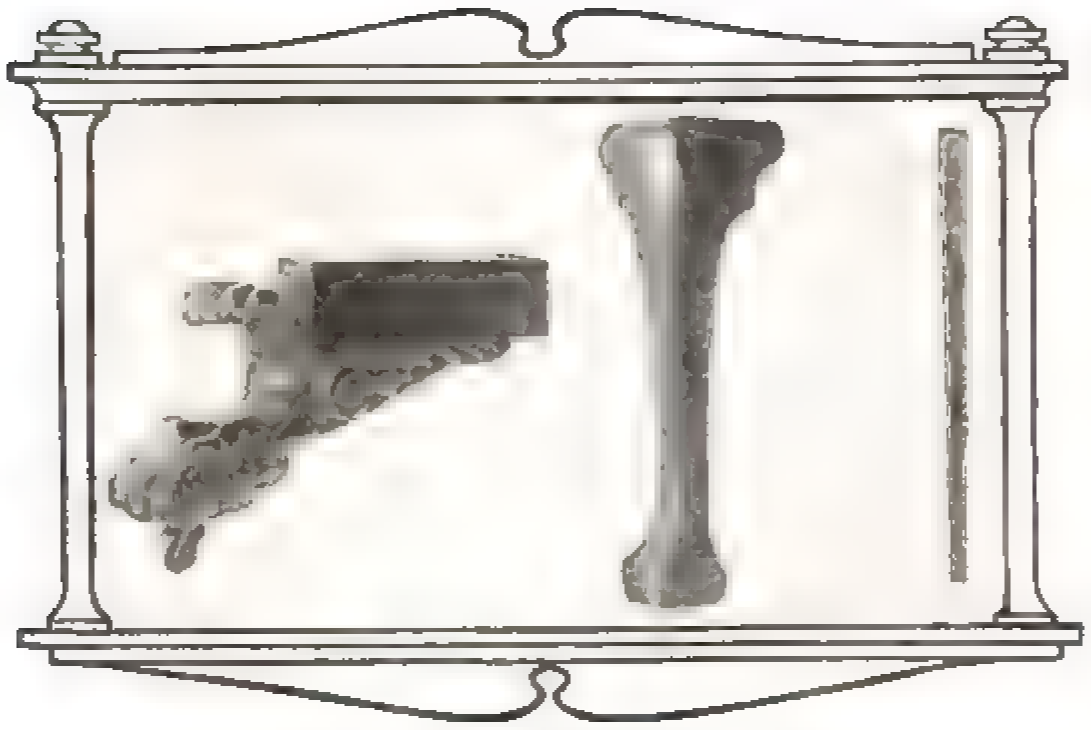
There is wide variety of shape with Chippendale furniture. That, he expected. With the design for a certain kind of a chair he would not only give dimensions, and rules for putting together, but he would show differences of possible detail, so that the cabinet-maker using his designs could present them all for the choice of the customer for whom the work was to be done. Different splats were shown, and often a single cut would present one leg straight and one leg cabriole, one half of a chair with infoliated carving, or shell ornament, or fretwork design, and the other half without; so that one single cut might stand for a dozen different chairs. There was variety in unity, but always the unity was distinctively what has come to be known by his name, even though to some extent he adapted from existent shapes. And, oddly enough, not all the shapes known as his are to be found in his published book.

He made no sideboards, as the term is nowadays understood. His sideboards were but side-tables. The sideboard with drawers came in later and may be either Sheraton or Heppelwhite or Empire; although it has come to be common, especially with dealers, to use the term "Chippendale sideboard" on account of the appeal of the name.

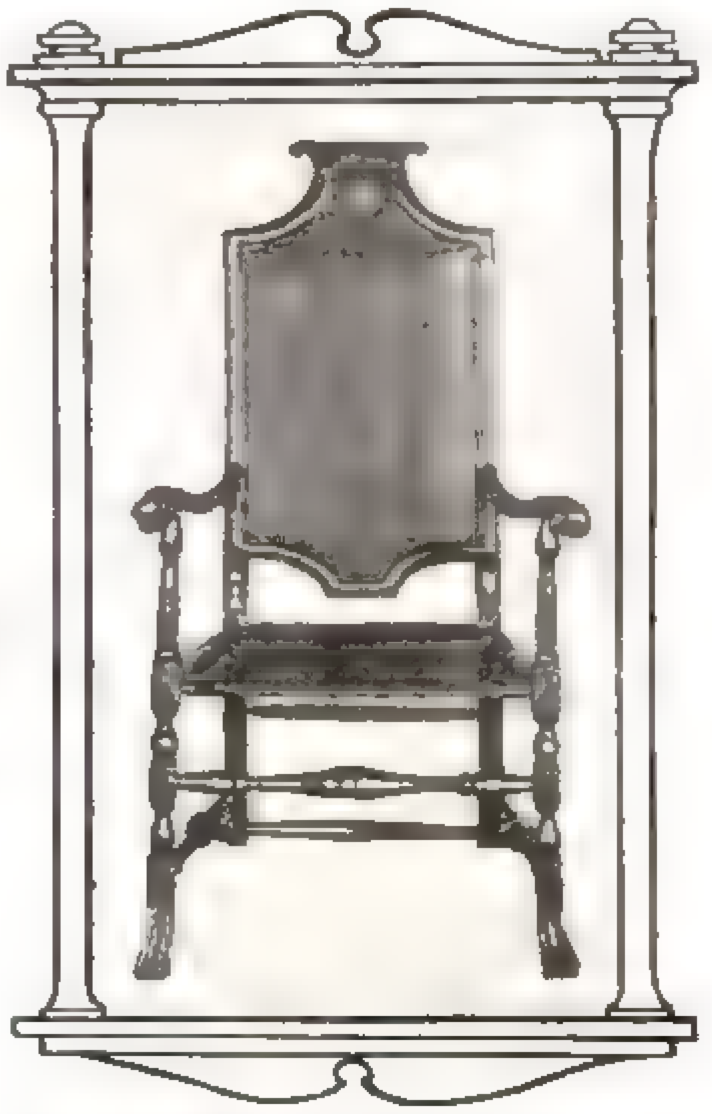
After some years the Chippendale style was displaced by others, but it has recently come into its own again.

Heppelwhite was a London cabinet-maker who came

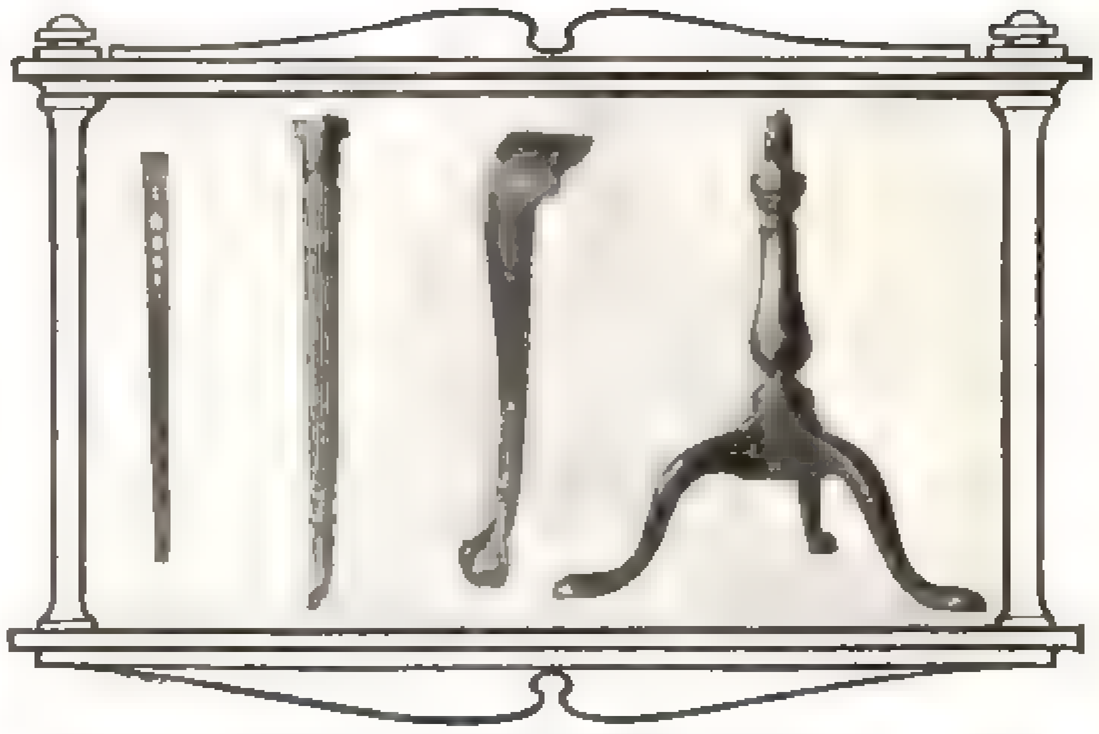
A Fine Specimen of Eighteenth Century Manufacture, with a Metal Face Showing the Phases of the Moon The Top is a Broken Arch Commonly Called Bonnet Top. In the Rooms of the Pennsylvania Society



Beginning at the Left: 1—The Winged Claw Foot—a Lion's Foot, Typical of the Empire Period; 2—A Cabriole or Bandy Leg with a Web Foot; 3 The Tapering Inlaid Leg Used by Heppelwhite, Sometimes Varied in Design. See Second Panel



Cane-Seated Chair of the Late Seventeenth Century, Owned by William Penn and Now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Note the Exceedingly Graceful Back and Characteristic Feet



Beginning at the Left: 1—A Good Example of Heppelwhite; 2—The Slender Fluted or Reeded Leg, Characteristic of Sheraton; 3—A Cabriole Leg with Claw-and-Ball Foot, Chippendale Period; 4—The Graceful Snake Foot, Slim and Curving with a Swelling Spread at the End

into prominence about the time of our Revolution. His chairs were less strong than those of Chippendale, because of the construction of the backs, which were always of the shape of heart or shield or oval, and most of them delicately beautiful. Fewer of these chairs are in existence, as they did not wear well.

Sheraton, who rose to prominence a few years later in the century than Heppelwhite, never made chairs with backs like those of either of his predecessors. The distinguishing feature with his chairs is that the back, except with the uprights on either side, never comes to the main body of the chair: there is never a splat reaching down; and always there is a connecting piece, or cross-rail, running longitudinally from upright to upright, just above the level of the seat. His backs, in general effect, are square or rectangular.

Many of the Chippendale chairs have straight legs and many have cabriole legs. Neither the Sheraton nor the Heppelwhite is ever cabriole.

Sheraton and Heppelwhite, although they differed so radically as to their chair backs, were greatly alike in their methods, in spite of the fact that they rather scorned each other. Their tables, sofas and sideboards are often greatly similar, with an airy lightness of effect, and with straight legs tapering delicately downward. They never used the claw-and-ball, nor that kind known as web-foot, which may be described as a suggested claw. Chippendale used not only the plain foot, usually very solid and substantial, but often the web and the claw-and-ball.

The typical Sheraton leg is round and delicately reeded, or fluted as it is sometimes called; the typical Heppelwhite leg is four-sided and never fluted; and in this lies the most apparent point of differentiation.

Both these men used various fine woods in beautiful inlay-work and delicate marquetry.

The Heppelwhite furniture averages a somewhat higher beauty than the Sheraton, and is particularly noteworthy in chests of drawers and sideboards with fronts of swell or serpentine curves, and in perfect little card-tables, delicately inlaid, made to stand, when not in use, half-circularly against the wall.

The name of Adam is less known, and this is largely because the Adams (there were two of them) made no furniture themselves, and did little besides making designs for special rooms. They flourished at the close of the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, and, having closely studied classical and Continental styles, much of their work was distinguished and beautiful.

Something should be known of the stately seventeenth-century furniture, with its beauty of carving and painting, its cane-work and wainscoting. It is important to remember that in that century there was no mahogany in furniture, as that wood did not come into use until about the year 1700, and not commonly until well into the eighteenth century. Much of the seventeenth-century furniture is termed Jacobean. The famous furniture collections show notable examples of this style; there are some specially fine examples in Independence Hall, there are some still in the possession of private families, and the collector may hope at any time to secure one of the prizes.

Empire is a famous classification in old furniture. It denominates the style that arose in France from the revolt

(Continued on Page [illegible])

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

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XXIV—THE CONFESSIONAL

THE concierge sat at her window under the arch of the porte-cochère at 57 Boulevard Montparnasse. She sat gazing across its black shade to the sunny street. She was thinking. The last twenty-four hours had given food for thought.

The trams passed and repassed, people in carriages, people on foot—the usual crowd—not interesting.

But the open carriage suddenly drawn up at the other side of the broad pavement was interesting, very. For it contained the lady who had given the one hundred francs, and had promised another fifty on the first of the month. She had never come with that fifty, and the concierge, having given up all hope of seeing her again, had acted accordingly.

Lady St. Craye, pale as the laces of her sea-green cambric gown, came slowly up the cobble-paved way and halted at the window.

"Good-morning, Madame," she said. "I bring you the little present."

The concierge was genuinely annoyed. Why had she not waited a little longer? Still, all was not yet lost.

"Come in, Madame," she said. "Madame has the air very fatigued."

"I have been very ill," said Lady St. Craye.

"If Madame will give herself the trouble to go around by the other door ——" The concierge went around and met her visitor in the hall, and brought her into the closely-furnished little room with the high wooden bed, the round table, the rack for letters, and the big lamp.

"Will Madame give herself the trouble to sit down? Would it be permitted to offer Madame something—a little glass of sugared water? No? I regret infinitely not having known that Madame was suffering. I should have acted otherwise."

"What have you done?" she asked quickly. "You haven't told any one that I was here that night?"

"Do not believe it for an instant," said the woman reassuringly. "No—after Madame's goodness I held myself wholly at the disposition of Madame. But when the day appointed passed itself without your visit, I said to myself 'The little *affaire* has ceased to interest this lady: she is weary of it.' My grateful heart found itself free to acknowledge the kindness of others."

"Tell me exactly," said Lady St. Craye, "what you have done."

"It was but last week," the concierge went on, rearranging a stiff bouquet in exactly the manner of an embarrassed ingénue on the stage—"but only last week that I received a letter from Mademoiselle Desmond. She sent me her address."

She paused. Lady St. Craye laid the banknote on the table.

"Madame wants the address?"

"I have the address. I want to know whether you have given it to any one else."

"No, Madame," said the concierge with simple pride, "when you have given a thing you have it not any longer."

"Well—pardon me—have you sold it?"

"For the same good reason, no, Madame."

"Take the note," said Lady St. Craye, "and tell me what you have done with the address."

"This gentleman, whom Madame did not wish to know that she had been here that night ——"

"I didn't wish *any one* to know!"

"Perfectly: this gentleman comes without ceasing to ask of me news of Mademoiselle Desmond. And always I have no news. But when Mademoiselle writes me: 'I am at the hotel such and such—send to me, I pray you, letters, if there are any of them'—then when Monsieur makes his eternal demand I reply: 'I have now the address of Mademoiselle—not to give, but to send her letters. If Monsieur had the idea to cause to be expedited a little *billet*, I am all at the service of Monsieur.'"

"So he wrote to her. Have you sent on the letter?"

"Alas, yes!" replied the concierge with heartfelt regret. "I kept it during a week, hoping always to see Madame—but yesterday, even, I put it at the post. Otherwise—I beg Madame to have the goodness to understand that I attach myself entirely to her interests. You may rely on me."

"It is useless," said Lady St. Craye; "the affair is ceasing to interest me."

"Do not say that. Wait only a little till you have heard. It is not only Monsieur that occupies himself with Mademoiselle. Last night arrives an aunt; also a father. They ask for Mademoiselle, are consternated when they learn of her departing. They run all Paris at the research of her. The father lodges at the Haute Loire. He is a priest, it appears. Madame, the aunt, occupies the ancient apartment of Mademoiselle Desmond!"

"An instant," said Lady St. Craye; "let me reflect."

The concierge ostentatiously went back to her flowers.

"You have not given *them* Miss Desmond's address?"

"Madame forgets," said the concierge, wounded virtue bristling in her voice, "that I was, for the moment, devoted to the interests of Monsieur. No. I am a loyal soul. I have told *nothing*. Only to dispatch the letter. Behold all!"

"I will give myself the pleasure of offering you a little present next week," said Lady St. Craye; "it is only that you should say nothing—nothing—and send no more letters. And—the address?"

"Madame knows it—by what she says."

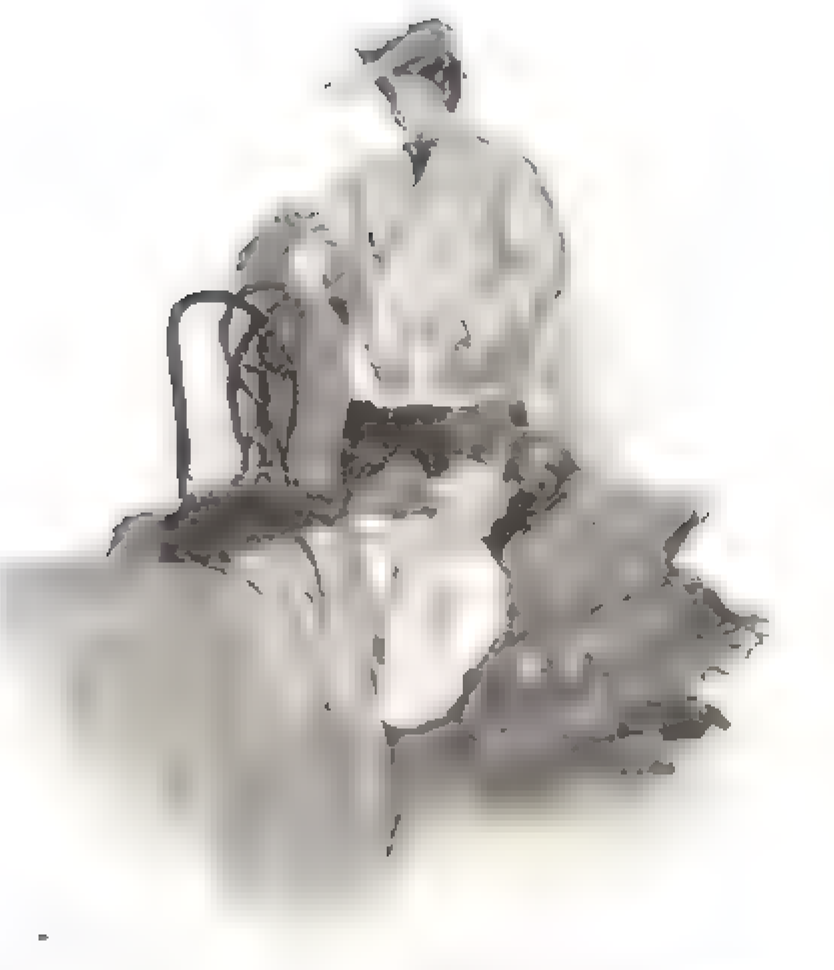
"Yes, but I want to know if the address you have is the same that I have. Hotel Chevillon, Grez sur Loing. Is it so?"

"It is exact. I thank you, Madame. Madame would do well to return *chez elle* and to repose herself a little. Madame is all pale."

"Is the aunt in Miss Desmond's room now?"

"Yes; she writes letters without end, and telegrams; and the priest-father he runs with them like a sad, old, black dog that has not the habit of towns."

"I shall go up and see her," said Lady St. Craye, "and I shall most likely give her the address. But do not give



A Sound, a Dull Plop, the Hiss and Fizzle of a Spurting Siphon

yourself anxiety. You will gain more by me than by any of the others. They are not rich. Me, I am, Heaven be praised."

She went out and along the courtyard. At the foot of the wide, shallow stairs she paused and leaned on the dusty banisters.

"I feel as weak as any rat," she said; "but I must go through with it I must!"

She climbed the stairs and stood outside the brown door. The nails that had held the little card, "Miss E. Desmond," still stuck there, but only the four corners of the card remained.

The door was not shut—it always shut unwillingly. She tapped.

"Come in," said a clear, pleasant voice. And she went in.

The room was not as she had seen it on the two occasions when it had been the battle-ground where she and Betty fought for a man. Plaid traveling-rugs covered the divans. A gold-faced watch in a leather bracelet ticked on the table among scattered stationery. A lady in a short, sensible dress rose from the table, and the room was scented with the smell of Hungarian cigarettes.

"I beg your pardon. I thought it was my brother-in-law. Did you call to see Miss Desmond? She is away for a short time."

"Yes," said Lady St. Craye. "I know. I wanted to see you. The concierge told me . . .

"Oh, these concierges! They tell everything! It's what they were invented for, I believe. And you wanted ——" She stopped, looked hard at the young woman, and went on: "What you want is a good stiff brandy and soda. Here, where's the head of the pin? I always think it such a pity bonnets went out. One could undo strings. That's it. Now, put your feet up. That's right. I'll be back in half a minute."

Lady St. Craye found herself lying at full length on Betty's divan, her feet covered with a Tussore driving-rug, her violet-wreathed hat on a table at some distance.

She closed her eyes. It was just as well. She could get back a little strength—she could try to arrange coherently what she meant to say. No: it was not unfair to the girl. She ought to be taken care of. And, besides, there was no such thing as "unfair." All was fair in—— Well, she was fighting for her life. All was fair when one was fighting for one's life—that was what she meant. Meantime, to lie quite still and draw long, even breaths—telling one's self at each breath: "I am quite well; I am quite strong"—seemed best.

There was a sound, a dull plop, the hiss and fizzle of a spurting siphon, then:

"Drink this: that's right. I've got you."

A strong arm around her shoulders—something buzzing and spitting in a glass under her nose.

"Drink it up, there's a good child."

She drank. A long breath.

"Now the rest." She was obedient.

"Now shut your eyes and don't bother. When you're better we'll talk."

Silence—save for the fierce scratching of a pen.

"I'm better," announced Lady St. Craye as the pen paused for the folding of the third letter.

The short-skirted woman came and sat on the edge of the divan, very upright.

"Well then. You oughtn't to be out, you poor little thing."

The words brought the tears to the eyes of one weak with the self-pitying weakness of convalescence.

"I wanted ——"

"Are you a friend of Betty's?"

"Yes—no—I don't know."

"A hated rival perhaps," said the elder woman cheerfully. "You didn't come to do her a good turn, anyhow, did you?"

"I—I don't know." Again this was all that would come.

"I do, though. Well, which of us is to begin? You see, child, the difficulty is that we neither of us know how much the other knows and we don't want to give ourselves away. It's so awkward to talk when it's like that."

"I think I know more than you do. I—you needn't think I want to hurt her. I should have liked her awfully if it hadn't been ——"

"If it hadn't been for the man. Yes. I see. Who was he?"

Lady St. Craye felt absolutely defenseless. Besides, what did it matter?

"Mr. Vernon," she said.

"Ah, now we're getting to the horses! My dear child, don't look so guilty. You're not the first; you won't be the last—especially with eyes the color his are. And so you hate Betty?"

"No, I don't. I should like to tell you all about it—all the truth."

"You can't," said Miss Desmond; "no woman can. But I'll give you credit for trying to, if you'll go straight ahead. But first of all—how long is it since you saw her?"

"Nearly a month."

"Well, she's disappeared. Her father and I got here last night. She's gone away and left no address. She was living with a Madame Gautier and——"

"Madame Gautier died last October," said Lady St. Craye—"the twenty-fifth."

"I had a letter from her brother—it got me in Bombay. But I couldn't believe it. And who has Betty been living with?"

"Look here," said Lady St. Craye. "I came to give the whole thing away and hand her over to you. I know where she is. But now I don't want to. Her father's a brute, I know."

"Not he," said Miss Desmond; "he's only a man and a very, very silly one. I'll pledge you my word he'll never reproach her, whatever she's done. It's not anything too awful for words, I'm certain. Come, tell me."

Lady St. Craye told Betty's secret at some length.

"Did she tell you this?"

"No."

"He did then?"

"Yes."

"Oh, men are darlings! The soul of honor—unsullied blades! My word! Do you mind if I smoke?"

She lighted a cigarette.

"I suppose *I'm* very dishonorable, too," said Lady St. Craye.

"You? Oh no; you're only a woman! And then?"

"Well, at last I asked her to go away, and she went."

"Well, that was decent of her, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And now you're going to tell me where she is and I'm to take her home and keep her out of his way. Is that it?"

"I don't know," said Lady St. Craye very truly, "why I came in to you at all. Because it's all no good. He's written and proposed for her to her father—and if she cares——"

"Well, if she cares—and he cares. Do you really mean that *you'd* care to marry a man who's in love with another woman?"

"I'd marry him if he were in love with fifty other women."

"In that case," said Miss Desmond, "I should say you were the very wife for him."

"*She* isn't," said Lady St. Craye, sitting up. "I feel like a silly schoolgirl talking to you like this. I think I'll go now. I'm not really so silly as I seem. I've been ill—influenza, you know—and I get so frightfully tired. And I don't think I'm so strong as I used to be. I've always thought I was strong enough to play any part I wanted to play. But—you've been very kind. I'll go——" She lay back.

"Don't be silly," said Miss Desmond briskly. "You *are* a schoolgirl compared with me, you know. I suppose you've been trying to play the rôle of the designing heroine—to part true lovers and so on, and then you found you couldn't."

"They're *not* true lovers," said Lady St. Craye eagerly; "that's just it. She'd never make him happy. She's too young and too innocent. And when she found out what a man like him is like, she'd break her heart. And he told me he'd been happier with me than he ever had been with her."

"Was that true, or——?"

"Oh, yes, it was true enough, though he said it. You've met him he told me. But you don't know him."

"I know his kind, though," said Miss Desmond. "And so you love him very much indeed, and you don't care for anything else and you think you understand him—and you could forgive him everything? Then you may get him yet if you care so very much that is, if Betty doesn't."

"She doesn't. She thinks she does, but she doesn't. If only he hadn't written to her. . . ."

"My dear," said Miss Desmond, "I was a fool myself once about a man with eyes his color. You can't tell me anything that I don't know. Does he know how much you care?"

"Yes."

"Ah, that's a pity—still—well, is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"I don't want to tell any one anything. Only—when she said she'd go away I advised her where to go—and I told her of a quiet place and Mr. Temple's there. He's the other man who admires her."

"I see. How Machiavellian of you!" Miss Desmond touched the younger woman's hand with brusque gentleness. "And"

"And I didn't quite tell her the truth about Mr. Vernon and me," said Lady St. Craye, wallowing in the abject joys of the confessional. "And I am a beast and not fit to live. But," she added with the true penitent's instinct of self-defense, "I *know* it's only—oh, I don't know what—not love, with her. And it's my life."

"Yes. And what about him?"

"It's not love with him. At least it is—but she'd bore him. It's really his waking-up time. He's been playing the game just for counters all the time. Now he's learning to play with gold."

"And it'll stay learnt, I see," said Miss Desmond. "Look here. I like you. I know we shouldn't have said all we have if you weren't ill and I weren't anxious. But I'm with you in one thing. I don't want him to marry Betty. She wouldn't understand an artist in emotion. Is this Temple straight?"

"As a yardstick."

"And as wooden? Well, that's better. I'm on your side. But—we've been talking without the veils on—tell me one thing. Are you sure you could get him if Betty were out of the way?"

"He kissed me once—since he's loved her," said Lady St. Craye, "and then I knew I could. He liked me better than he liked her in all the other ways—before. I'm a shameless idiot; it's really only because I'm so feeble."

She rose and stood before the glass, putting on her hat.

"I do respect a woman who has the courage to speak the truth to another woman," said Miss Desmond. "I hope you'll get him—though it's not a very kind wish."

XXV THE FOREST

NOTHING lifts the heart like the sense of a great self-sacrifice nobly made. Betty was glad that she could feel so particularly noble. It was a great help.

"He was mine," she told herself; "he meant to be—and I have given him up to her. It hurts—yes—but I did the right thing."

She thought she hoped that he would soon forget her. And almost all that was Betty tried, quite sincerely, snatching at every help, to forget him.

Sometimes the Betty that Betty did not want to be would, quite deliberately and of set purpose, take out the nest of hungry memories, look at them, play with them, and hand over her heart for them to feed on. But always when she had done this she felt, afterward, a little sorry, a little ashamed. It was too like the diary at Long Barton.

Consciously or unconsciously one must make some concessions to every situation or every situation would be impossible. Temple was here—interested, pleased to see her, glad to talk to her. But he was not at all inclined to be in love with her: that had been only a silly fancy of hers—in Paris. He had made up his mind by now who it was that he cared for. And it wasn't Betty. Probably she hadn't even been one of the two he came to Grez to think about. He was only a good friend—and she wanted a good friend. If he were not just a good friend the situation would be impossible. And Betty chose that the situation should be possible. For it

"The Priest-Father He Runs with Them Like a Sad, Old, Black Dog" was pleasant. It was a shield and a shelter from all the thoughts that she wanted to hide from.

"If she thinks I'm going to break my heart about *him*, she's mistaken. And so's He. I must be miserable for a bit," said Betty bravely, "but I'll not be miserable forever; so he needn't think it. Of course, I shall never care for any one ever again — unless he were to love me for years and years before he ever said a word, and then I might say I would try. *And* try. But fall in love? Never again! Oh, good gracious! there he is —and I've not *begun* to get ready."

Temple was whistling *Deux Amants* very softly in the courtyard below. She put her head out of the window.

"I sha'n't be two minutes," she said. "You might get the basket from Madame; and my sketching things are on the terrace all ready strapped up."

. . . .

The hoofs of the smart gray pony slipped and rattled on the cobblestones of the hotel entry.

"*Au revoir*; amuse yourselves well, my children." Madame Chevillon stood, one hand on fat hip, the other shading old eyes that they might watch the progress of the cart up the blinding whiteness of the village street.

"To the forest, and yet again to the forest and to the forest always," she said, turning into the darkened billiard-room. "Marie, beware, thou, of the forest. The good God created it express for the lovers — but it is permitted to the devil to promenade himself there also."

"Those two there," said Marie, "it is very certain that they are in love."

"How otherwise?" said Madame. "The good God made us women that the men should be in love with us — and afterward to take care of the children. There is no other use that a man has for a woman. Friendship? The Art? Bah! When a man wants those he demands them of a man. Of a woman he demands but love, and one gives it to him — one gives it to him without question!"

The two who had departed for the forest drove on through the swimming, spinning heat in silence.

It was not till they reached the little old well by Marlotte that Betty spoke.

"Don't let's work to-day, Mr. Temple," she said. "My hands are so hot I could never hold a brush. And your sketch is really finished, you know."

"What would you like to do?" asked Temple; "river?"

"Oh, no—not now that we've started for the forest! Its feelings would be hurt if we turned back. I am sure it loves us to love it, although it is so big — like God, you know."

"Yes. I'm sure it does. Do you really think God cares?"

"Of course," said Betty; "because everything would be so silly if He didn't, you know. I believe He likes us to love Him, and what's more, I believe He likes us to love all the pretty things He's made — trees and rivers and sunsets and seas."

"And each other," said Temple, and flushed to the ears: "human beings, I mean, of course," he added hastily.

"Of course," said Betty, unconscious of the flush; "but religion tells you that —it doesn't tell you about the little things. It does say about herbs of the field and the floods clapping their hands and all that — but that's only His works praising Him, not us loving all His works. I think He's most awfully pleased when we love some little, nice, tiny thing that He never thought we'd notice."

"Did your father teach you to think like this?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Betty. "He doesn't like the little pretty things."

"It's odd," said Temple. "Look at those yellow roses all over that hideous villa."

"My stepfather would only see the villa. Well, must we work to-day?"

"What would you like to do?"

"I should like to go to those big rocks—the Rochers des Demoiselles, aren't they?—and tie up the pony, and climb up, and sit in a black shadow and look out over the green tops of the trees. You see things when you're idle that you never see when you're working, even if you're trying to paint those very things."

So, by-and-by, the gray pony was unharnessed and tied to a tree in a cool, grassy place where he also could be happy, and the two others took the winding, stony path. A turn in the smooth-worn way brought them to a platform overhanging the precipice that fell a sheer thirty feet to the tops of the trees on the slope below. White, silvery sand carpeted the ledge, and on the sand the shadow of a leaning rock fell blue.

"Here," said Betty, and sank down. Her sketch-book scooped the sand with its cover. "Oh, I *am* hot!" She threw off her hat.

"You don't look it," said Temple as he pulled the big bottle of weak claret and water from the luncheon-basket.

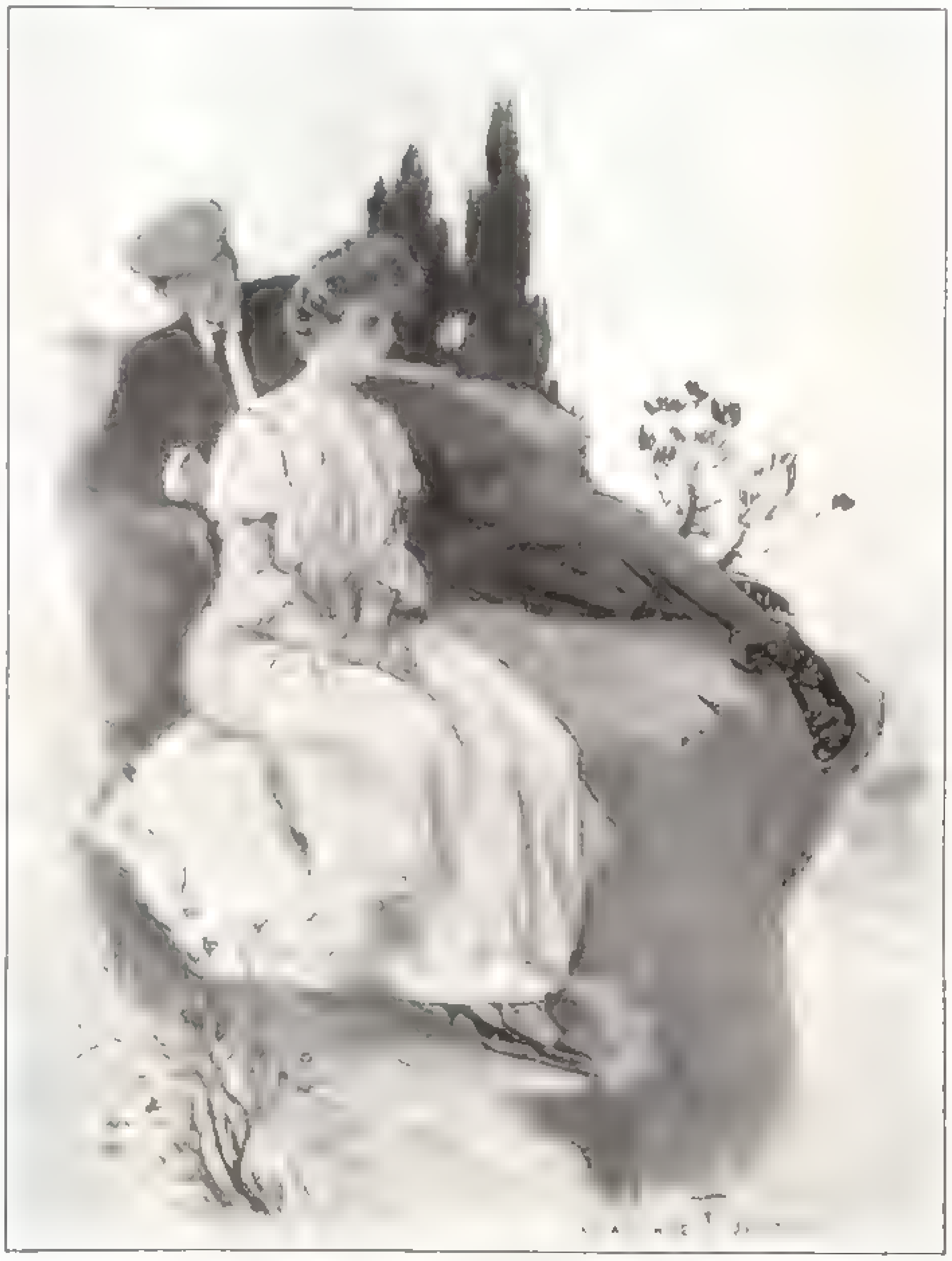
"Drink!" he said, offering the little glass.

Betty drank, in little sips.

"How extraordinarily nice it is to drink when you're thirsty," she said, "and how heavenly this shadow is."

A long silence. Temple filled and lighted a pipe. From a slope of dry grass a little below them came the dusty rattle of grasshoppers' talk.

"It is very good here," said Betty. "Oh, how glad I am I came away from Paris! Everything looks different here —I mean the things that look as if they mattered there don't matter here—and the things that didn't matter there—oh, here, they do!"



"It wasn't Meant to be Nice," said Betty; "It's True"

"Yes," said Temple, making little mounds of sand with the edge of his hand as he lay, "I never expected to have such days in this world as I've had here with you. We've grown to be very good friends here, haven't we?"

"We were very good friends in Paris," said Betty, remembering the letter that had announced his departure.

"But it wasn't the same," he persisted. "When did we talk in Paris as we've talked here?"

"I talked to you, even in Paris, more than I've ever talked to any one else, all the same," said Betty.

"Thank you," he said; "that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

"It wasn't meant to be nice," said Betty; "it's true. Don't you know there are some people you never can talk to without wondering what they'll think of you, and whether you hadn't better have said something else? It's nothing to do with whether you like them or not," she went on, thinking of talks with Vernon, many talks—and in all of them she had been definitely and consciously on guard. "You may like people quite frightfully, and yet you can't talk to them."

"Yes," he said, "but you couldn't talk to a person you disliked, could you? Real talk, I mean?"

"Of course not," said Betty. "Do you know I'm dreadfully hungry!"

It was after lunch that Temple said:

"When are you going home, Miss Desmond?" She looked up, for his use of her name was rare.

"I don't know: some time," she answered absently. But the question ran through her mind like a needle drawing after it the thread on which were strung all the little longings for Long Barton—for the familiar fields and flowers that had gathered there since she first saw the silver May and the golden broom at Bourron station. That was nearly a month ago. What a month it had been — the gleaming river, the neat, intimate simplicity of the little culture, white roads, and roses and rocks, and more than all—trees, and trees and trees again.

And with all this—Temple. He lodged at Montigny, true. And she at Grez. But each day brought to her door the best companion in the world. He had never even asked how she came to be at Grez. After that first "Where's your party?" he had guarded his lips. It had seemed so natural, and so extremely fortunate that he should be here. If she had been all alone she would have allowed herself to think too much of Vernon—of what might have been.

"I am going to England next week!" he said. Betty was shocked to perceive that this news hurt her. Well, why shouldn't it hurt her? She wasn't absolutely insensible to friendship, she supposed. And sensibility to friendship was nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary.

"I shall miss you most awfully," said she with the air of one flaunting a flag.

"I wish you'd go home," he said. "Haven't you had enough of your experiment, or whatever it was, yet?"

"I thought you'd given up interfering," she said crossly. At least she meant to speak crossly.

"I thought I could say anything to you now without your—your not understanding."

"So you can." She was suddenly not cross again.

"Ah, no, I can't," he said. "I want to say things to you that I can't say here. Won't you go home? Won't you let me come to see you there? Say I may. You will let me?"

If she said Yes—she refused to pursue that train of thought another inch. If she said No—then a sudden end—and forever an end — to this good companionship. "I wish I had never, never seen *Him!*" she told herself.

Then she found that she was speaking.

"The reason I was all alone in Paris," she was saying. The reason took a long time to expound. The shadow withdrew itself and they had to shift the camp just when it came to the part about Betty's first meeting with Temple himself.

"And so," she said, "I've done what I meant to do —and I'm a hateful liar — and you'll never want to speak to me again."

She rooted up a fern and tore it into little ribbons.

"Why have you told me all this?" he said slowly.

"I don't know," said she.

"Is it because you care—a little bit about — about my thinking well of you?"

"I can't care about that, or I shouldn't have told you, should I? Let's get back home. The pony's lost by this time, I expect."

"Is it because you don't want to have any—any secrets between us?"

"Not in the least," said Betty, chin in air. "I shouldn't *dream* of telling you my secrets—or any one else, of course."

He sighed. "Well," he said, "I wish you'd go home."

"Why don't you say you're disappointed in me, and that you despise me, and that you don't care about being friends any more with a girl who's told lies and taken her aunt's money and done everything wrong you can think of? Let's go back. I don't want to stay here any more, with you being silently contemptuous as hard as ever you can. Why don't you say something?"

"I don't want to say the only thing I want to say. I don't want to say it here. Won't you go home and let me come and tell you at Long Barton?"

"You do think me horrid. Why don't you say so?"

"No. I don't."

"Then it's because you don't care what I am or what I do. I thought a man's friendship didn't mean much!" She

(Continued on Page 30)

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A Shrunken Colossus

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S behavior of late has been highly unsatisfactory. If he were merely a private citizen we should not feel free to comment upon it. But he is not. By his own efforts and the freely contributed efforts of others he has become a national institution. He is the incarnation of the Money Power. He is the System. He makes Presidents and Senators—even Congressmen at odd, leisure moments—as other men make spring poetry. He controls courts and legislatures. He is more mighty than Cæsar or Napoleon. He rides the whirlwind—which is all the more terrific for being composed mostly of hot air.

This is awe-inspiring, and it serves a symbolic use of the highest importance. It would be endlessly tedious if one had to point out in detail that we have already lost our economic liberty, are rapidly losing our political liberty and will soon go over the edge of the precipice without even a thud. That is now unnecessary. One has merely to say "Rockefeller" and the colossal figure of the Enemy appears, visibly pushing us over.

Mr. Rockefeller himself and very many earnest co-laborers have toiled long and diligently to invest him with this useful symbolic quality. If he had a proper sense of his responsibilities he would try to live up to it. But for weeks he has been putting in his time dodging a process-server whose trousers probably bag at the knee: the Colossus actually "hiding out" in the woodshed, skulking through the back yard, taking his meals surreptitiously at the kitchen door, peeking tremulously over the hedge—in order to avoid the most petty of the law's officers! It is shocking. Why doesn't he exert a little bit of his titanic power? Would Cæsar have lain in the cellar to avoid a constable? Could a boy bailiff have made Napoleon climb a tree? There is something the matter with the System. It seems to have not merely a vulnerable heel but two cork legs. We might as well have a grand-opera dragon as a Money Power that suffers itself to be "pinched" by a process-server.

Which is Representative?

THREE leading Administration measures were laid before the present Congress—Philippine tariff, Statehood, and railroad rate regulation. The two former, after passing the House, promptly came to grief in the Senate, the tariff bill being buried in committee; the Statehood measure so amended as to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory without regard to Arizona and New Mexico. Neither of these bills could originally command the support of a majority of the House. On the contrary, a majority of the members were opposed to them, and so declared themselves. Both were driven through the lower chamber by the tyrannous power of the Speaker, supplemented by Federal patronage. As to their intrinsic merits, the tariff bill is rather good, the Statehood bill rather bad. Denying Statehood to Oklahoma and Indian Territory unless Arizona and New Mexico can also be lugged in jointly is a pretty dubious example of partisan strategy. The country can richly afford to admit the Philippine products duty free. At the same time there is something in the argument of the sugar and tobacco men that if we're going to stand pat on the tariff everywhere else, we shouldn't put a hole in the dike that guards their particular preserves. Speaker Cannon, as the great stand-patter, ought to sympathize with that view. Believing that the Dingley law is the fount of national prosperity, the sugar and tobacco men naturally object to having their special spout plugged up, and in this they are merely asserting the tariff policy which is sanctioned by the Administration. No doubt they would be willing to have Congress vote the Filipinos a ship subsidy.

As to these two measures, which branch of Congress was really representative? The question cannot be answered exactly, because neither measure was ever submitted to a popular vote, and nobody knows what the public will on the subjects may be. Nevertheless, the Senate is the more representative of the two. It at least represented itself, while the House merely represented the President and the Speaker. The odds in favor of the Senate are, therefore, in this case, as ninety to two

Steam Heat and Temperament

A MAN of learning once investigated the influence on European life of the enormously increasing per capita consumption of sugar. In this simple fact he found great social and political significance. A similar study might be made of the influence of the steam radiator upon the character of American civilization. The system of forcing steam at a high temperature through tubes to the extremities of vast buildings has altered the housing habits of our people. It has forced the population to concentrate in huge barracks for business and living purposes. To it is due the apartment building, where children are an obvious nuisance and families herd in close social contact, and also the enormous hotel, which is the next step from the apartment. The habit of divorce might easily be traced to this use of the radiator.

But the influence of steam heat on temperament is even more interesting. For about six months of the year the American is constantly exposed to the steam heat environment. He does not escape it when he travels; for he may ride from New York to California, stewing all the way in the same temperature that he is accustomed to in his office or home. An entire generation has come into being under this hot-house atmosphere. To it we may attribute that delicate coloring for which our young women are famous in youth, and the peculiarly lined and seared skin that their mothers often exhibit. We are a nervous people—rather proud of it—and steam heat tends to dry out the nerves, resulting first in an abnormal irritability and later, last stage, a soddened condition. Our thin voices and excessive muscular activity might be traced to the same cause. The intellectual expression of these traits is a dislike for concentration and prolonged effort on one line—hence the lunch counter and the comic opera.

Our national symbol should be a steam radiator rampant supported by a feed pipe, with a cloud of escaping vapor.

College Standards of Honesty

CHEATING on examinations and written work is far too common in both public and private schools. In most cases it seems impossible to stamp the habit out. The sentiment of too many pupils, if not actively favorable to cheating, is always feeble against it, regarding it as a practice to be winked at and evidence of superior cleverness in outwitting the teacher. Few pupils are ever expelled from an American school because they are guilty of cheating. Generally parents would make it very uncomfortable for teachers and principals who should take a stern view of this fault.

In spite of all the talk about "honor systems" in college, the same state of things is prevalent in many universities. The student who would refuse to help a mate in an examination, although he did not care to cheat himself, would be considered a prig. Few cases of cheating are ever handled severely by college faculties. They are inclined to give the offender "another chance"; they accept in extenuation the plea that cheating was the habit in the school where he came from.

There is no reason why the student cheater or grafter should not be dealt with more firmly. It is not good sense to protest that cheating is a youthful fault, and will be dropped as soon as the student graduates and faces "real life." Although many men, who follow the custom and cheat in school and college, are honest enough where they meet the laws of the land, the habit of youthful dishonesty must be morally weakening. A few expulsions widely reported would do much to correct student opinion on this point. A young cheat is a potential grafter.

Capital Sulks

THE Wall Street barometer has been acting queerly of late. It falls, goes up, then wobbles. In the professional jargon of the Street, the "market is feverish", there is no "support"; the "public is out of the market," and so on. The barometer seems to point to unsettled weather, and yet there are no clouds worth counting to be seen in the financial heavens. The market has absorbed the deluge of securities that has been pouring into it; the country has "grown up" to the inflated valuations of a few years back: all signs point to another twelvemonth of prosperity.

But for one reason or another Capital is out of sorts. Perhaps there has been too much investigating going on the past year to suit the taste of the great financial powers—too much popular clamor, too much talk of rate legislation, too many prosecutions of leading industries. So they are hanging out the storm signals in Wall Street. They want the public to take notice—especially the representatives of the people at Washington, who are exposed to the influence of the voters—and consider what it will mean to their pockets if they go on in this reckless way, exposing, reforming, demanding rate regulation, opposing ship subsidies, and disturbing industry all along the good old lines.

A generation ago it would not have been possible for Wall Street to reflect immediately its wishes in matters of public policy. Capital had not then been so admirably organized under the control of ten or fifteen great leaders. Directorates of the largest corporations were not then held by a few small groups of men. Therefore securities could not unanimously reflect the feelings of a few master minds. But now when the leaders sulk, when the public has been behaving badly and getting obstreperous, we may know it by looking at the ticker.

Incorporate Conscience

WE HAVE been making a great outcry of late over the peculation of men in prominent positions of financial responsibility and public or semi-public trust. Popular indignation, in its fitful way, is kindled at revelations of bribery and misappropriation. And in a spasmodic fervor of reform we have fallen upon a few flagrant cases of misconduct.

It would be very pertinent to ask, however, whether these men who have been discovered were exceptionally criminal, or only unhappily eminent; and whether there is not something essentially faulty in an accepted standard of business morality which made these instances possible. What have we done in our investigations? We have suddenly roused ourselves and required men to apply ethics to business, when for years we have been allowing them to say, and have been saying ourselves, that "business is business," that "business has nothing to do with sentiment," and that "a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." In every-day thought we have been accustomed to set the whole business world outside the pale of humane and unselfish sentiments. And, under the guise of a specious axiom, we have excused to our own consciences many a transaction which our Sunday morality would never have approved of for a moment. We have been far too ready to countenance the false idea that business is not bound by obligations of friendship or kindliness or generosity, and to make that notion a cover for ruthlessness and greed. We have fancied that we could maintain a life of high ideals and a life of practical success (as we call it), and keep them entirely separate.

It is a fatal fallacy. It is impossible for a man to be an insatiable, inhuman and ravenous pillager all day, and a gentle, unselfish Christian in the evening. Morality is not a thing you can put on and off with a dinner coat. And it is foolish for us to rail against the trusts and the menace of corporations as long as we allow ourselves to think thus falsely about business and ethics.

The Concern of the People

"I WAS surprised that the Attorney-General . . . should see fit to suggest that the people of the country or the concern of the people of the country was a matter to be properly presented in the determination of a purely legal proposition." In these words the attorney for the packers, in the recent trial of the Beef Trust, addressed the court. Doubtless the eminent counsel of the packers meant no harm by his reproof to the Attorney-General. He was expressing naively that hurt feeling men of his profession are apt to experience when asked to consider any question from other than a purely "legal" point of view. To an expert corporation lawyer, whose whole business is to find a safe legal method by which his client may do what it wants to do, law, justice and public policy are three distinct phenomena. They may meet accidentally at times in court, but they have no blood-relationship. So it is very crude and amateurish of an Attorney-General of the United States to consider that the people are concerned in an interpretation of a law that would grant immunity to officers of corporations. Why should the people butt in upon this obviously legal game?

Nevertheless, the people seem determined to butt in more and more. They have learned that corporations can't be legislated out of existence, and they want, naturally enough, to see what relief the courts can offer for their grievances, which they consider real. Fortunately, the higher courts do not always sustain that professional view of the matter taken by the attorney for the packers.

MEN & WOMEN

A Rose by Another Name

ALEXANDER E. ORR, the new president of the New York Life Insurance Company, and head of the Rapid Transit Commission in New York, wears long, luxuriant and glossy whiskers, to which he gives the most fastidious attention, and which the barber perfumes daily.

There was a select party on the first train through the subway in New York, who rode on benches on flat cars. Orr sat between ex-Mayor Seth Low and Mayor McClellan.

As they stopped at Columbus Circle, Mr. Low sniffed the air and remarked: "There is a very pleasant odor here. I have noticed it ever since I got on the car. I wonder what it is?"

"I think," said Orr, as he glanced at Low and then at McClellan, "that it must be the odor of sanctity."

Yellowstone Beat Him

CLEM STUDEBAKER, the wagon manufacturer of South Bend, Indiana, visited the Yellowstone Park. He came to the hotel where there is a space on the register for the impressions of the guests.

There was the usual string of "Grand!" "Perfectly wonderful!"—and all that sort of thing. Mr. Studebaker contemplated the page long and earnestly. Then he wrote his name and residence.

There was another period of contemplation and, finally, he wrote in the impression space: "The Studebaker Wagon Works at South Bend, Indiana, produce so many complete wagons every hour, so many every day and so many each year"—giving the exact figures.

He paused again. "But," he added, "even that marvelous achievement pales into insignificance beside the wonders I have seen here."

The Tornado Microbe

WHEN Joseph Medill, the great editor of the Chicago Tribune, was alive, he had a season when he was a firm believer in the germ theory for everything. A German physician taught him and Mr. Medill was very positive about it.

There was an editorial writer on the paper named Colbert. Colbert had a theory, too, but his was sun-spots. He thought that every extreme climatic change was caused by sun-spots, and that these disturbances on the sun were responsible for cyclones, tornadoes, droughts, cloud-bursts and all sorts of things.

He wrote an editorial article one day, after a tornado had swept over Kansas, and ascribed it to sun-spots. He grouped in that same article a number of other disasters, including a drought and a tornado, that had happened at about the same time. He argued learnedly, for a column, that sun-spots made all the mischief.

The proof of the editorial article came to Mr. Medill. He looked at it and saw the word sun-spots.

"Sun-spots!" he said. "I guess not. Microbes! That's what's the matter."

He didn't read the text of the article, but he ran his eye down the proof and every time he saw the word "sun-spot" he changed it to "microbe."

Next day the Tribune told the astonished people of the West that microbes were responsible for the drought, the tornado, the cloud-burst and for all the other calamities of that nature that had happened in the previous month.

Representative John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee

"A Slight Distinction"

THE late Secretary Hay built the most costly apartment building in Washington. He called it Stoneleigh Court, pronounced "Stunley" by those who live there.

A short time ago, when there was a reception on at the Court, two overdressed women got into a Connecticut Avenue car. They were going to the reception and they wanted everybody in the car to know it.

Alexander E. Orr

"Conductor," one of them said, "let us off at Stoneleigh Court."

"Yes, conductor," squeaked the other, "be sure and let us off at Stoneleigh Court."

They warned the conductor half a dozen times each, speaking loudly.

The conductor was bored. When the car reached the Court corner he pulled the door open and, fixing his eye on the two women who had spoken to him so often, shouted: "Court, nothin'. The Stoneleigh Flats!"

High Living and Quick Dying

"I NEVER had a dream of wealth so rudely shattered as the one where I intended to make a million dollars raising pigs," the late Jacob Hess, of New York, former Police Commissioner, said a short time before he died.

"A man came to me and told me he could get a contract for the waste food at most of the big hotels in New York. He said if we would go out West, buy a lot of pigs and put them down on Barren Island, in the bay, we could fatten them there and get rich.

"It looked good to me. We bought the pigs, rented the land for them, built sheds and started in raising pork on a large scale. We got the hotel food and sent it down by barge.

"At the end of the first month I went down to see the pigs. I was met by a doleful boss who said: 'Mr. Hess, them pigs is all dying.'

"It was true, too. I made an investigation, and what do you think I found? Those Western pigs, used to corn, were actually dying from dyspepsia induced by the rich hotel food we were giving them—and every last one of them died from that disease!"

Taking Care of His Friends

FRANK O. LOWDEN, Republican National Committeeman for Illinois and a big railroad lawyer, and L. Y. Sherman, present Lieutenant-Governor of the State, were campaigning together in one of the lower counties of Illinois.

They were to spend the night in a little village where the local committee had made arrangements for them at the only hotel in the place. They got in at supper-time, were given good rooms on the second floor of the hotel, and after supper went out and made their speeches.

When they got back to the hotel they wanted to go to bed at once, for they had a hard day before them. Lowden called for the key to his room.

"You-all ain't got the same rooms you had," said the landlord. "I moved ye."

"Where to and why?" said Lowden. "Those were good rooms and we were satisfied."

"I hain't payin' any attention to that," the landlord replied. "I moved ye. You-all sleep up in the garret in one room that's got a double bed in it."

"But why did you move us?" asked Lowden.

"Why? Because, dern ye, I give your other rooms to some drummers that came in on the night train. Do you think I'm a-goin' to shove aside reg'lar dollar-a-day customers that comes here every month for any politicians like you?"

El Teddy

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, former Representative from New York, and Lindsay Dennison, the writer, traveled through Cuba this winter. They went from Havana to Santiago. Dennison decided to make a night trip to the battlefield just outside the town.

He hired a cab and drove out. When he had looked around a bit he wanted to see the hill where President Roosevelt won his glory. Dennison has no Spanish that can be called Spanish. The cabman knew no English, apparently, for when Dennison said, "El Americano," which, to Dennison's mind, should have informed the cabman that he wanted to go to San Juan hill, the cabman shook his head.

"El presidente!" said Dennison, thinking to arouse some intelligence in the cabman.

The cabman shook his head again.

"El Roosevelto!" screamed Dennison.

Still the cabman did not comprehend. "El Roosevelto! El Roosevelto! El Roosevelto!" shouted Dennison, dancing around.

Then the impassive face of the cabman broke into a beautiful smile.

"Si si," he said eagerly; "El Teddy! El Teddy!"

The Air to Millions

ASHER HINDS, the parliamentary clerk in the House of Representatives, who keeps the Speaker straight on all matters and who is the great parliamentary sharp of the country, comes from Maine. He was at Bar Harbor one day last summer, during the horse-show.

A man approached him on the street and said: "Don't you want to buy a hackney, sir? I have a fine one I can sell you for a thousand dollars."

"Great Heavens!" exploded Hinds. "Do I look like a millionaire?"

"Well," said the horseman, after a critical survey of Hinds, "I have seen plenty of millionaires who look just as bad as you do."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Mayor McClellan, of New York, has three fads: walking, smoking and Italian history.

¶ Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, talks less than any man in public life. Two sentences make a long speech for him.

¶ President Roosevelt reads from four to six books a week, sometimes more, besides riding two hours a day and doing the immense amount of official work he has to do.

¶ Senator Clark, of Montana, the richest man in the Senate and one of the richest in the country, is the most solitary man in public life in Washington. He has no close friends.

¶ John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House, writes poetry for recreation. At least, he says it is poetry—and he also says it is recreation.

¶ The Damon and Pythias of the United States Supreme Court are Justices White and Holmes. They walk down Pennsylvania Avenue every day, rain or shine. Justice White does most of the talking.

¶ John Wesley Gaines, the voluble Representative from Tennessee, has long gray hair. So has Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court. Somebody hailed Gaines as the Chief Justice a few days ago and the Chief Justice heard of it. "Did Gaines get his hair cut?" asked Mr. Fuller. "Yes," said the storyteller. "Thank Heaven!" said the Chief Justice; "then I won't have to."

Asher Hinds, Parliamentary Clerk of the House

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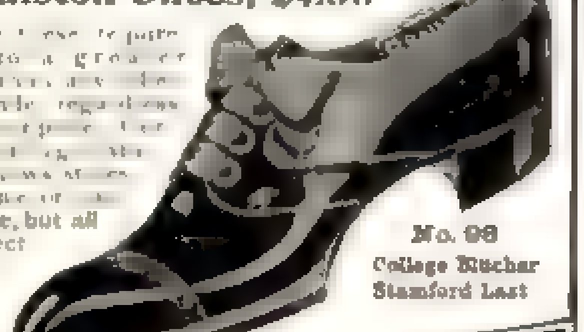

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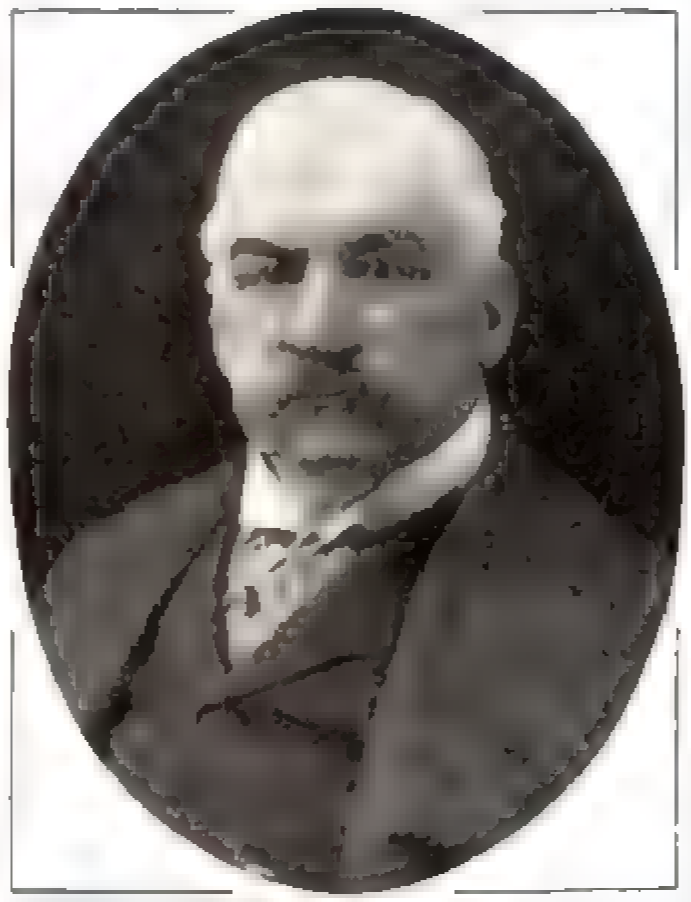

J. Pierpont Morgan
Who with Other Gentlemen of Means is Backing the New Theatre

The End of the Stock Company

THE rear-guards of the drama are never tired of berating the star system, and calling for a return to the days of Wallack, Palmer and Daly. "Stock Company" has become a word for the press agent to conjure with. Daniel Frohman used to call his company at the old Lyceum a stock company, but even before he moved to Daly's it had ceased to have a repertory of plays—if it ever had one—and went in as hard as any company for long runs. The new Lyceum does not even keep up the pretense of having stock players. The players at the Empire used to be called a stock company, and when a report was circulated that they were to disband Charles Frohman cabled from London denying it. But none the less the company did disband. The promise that it would be reëstablished under William Gillette shows no signs of being fulfilled. The simple fact is that the conditions which made the companies of Wallack, Palmer and Daly possible have vanished. To maintain a stock company and keep it in New York most of the year is to forfeit by far the richer portion of the profits of any success which are found on the road!

Lately it is the new managers, and especially the independents, who have taken up the old cry. Amelia Bingham used to talk of her stock company, but she is now the star of a low-priced one-week company. Walter Lawrence of the Madison Square, Henry Miller at the Princess, and Senator Reynolds at the Garrick have all promised to establish stock companies. But all three, on achieving their first success, have sent their players on the road for tours as long as they could command. Mr. Lawrence has sent out Cyril Scott with the Prince Chap, and Henry Dixey and Carlotta Nillson with The Man on the Box; Mr. Miller has sent Margaret Anglin with Zira, and now Senator Reynolds promises to send Charles Richman with Gallops. For better or for worse, the stock company is a thing of the past.

Lately it has appeared that the change is to prove for the better. Public-spirited lovers of the drama have come to the rescue with a project to establish what they call the New Theatre, which is to be a stock company and much more. In addition to a permanent body of actors, they are to develop a repertory of the foremost classics of the language, ancient and modern, and with it a selection of the best plays of all languages. No pains or money is to be spared to place the new theatre on the high artistic level of the preëminent theatres of the Continent, such as the Théâtre Français, the Hofburg of Vienna and the Royal Schauspielhaus of Berlin. For the first time in the history of the English-speaking peoples the acted drama is to take its rightful place as a factor in the education and the culture of the people.

Twenty-one gentlemen, among whom are J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor, are backing the

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A COMPETENT critic declared that this player-piano "presents an irresistible strength and is an attraction which must appeal to the public as no other existing combination can."

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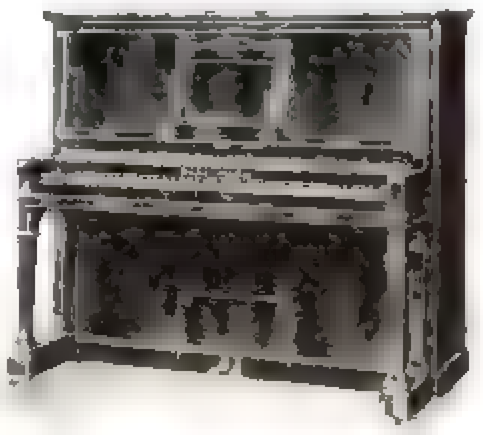

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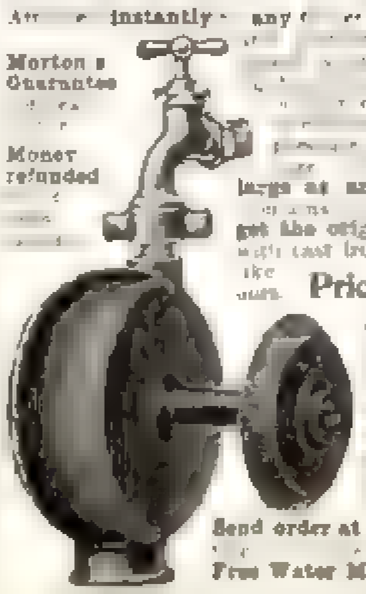

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scheme financially. A spacious site for the building has been bought, a block wide and 200 feet deep. Ten firms of architects have been given a fee of a thousand dollars each to compete for the commission to build the theatre, the auditorium of which is to be of the dimensions of the Français It will not be long before we hear the last both of the cry that the drama has gone to the dogs, and that little local managers have undertaken to snatch it back by means of stock companies.

The Shy Maude Adams

IT IS a curious fact that Miss Maude Adams, who is perhaps the most generally known and best loved of our actresses, should be the shyest of them all in personal intercourse, and the most difficult to meet.

Her few intimate friends say that this is because, in order to keep fresh her vitality for her audiences, she has to deny herself the more barren fatigues of society and function. She rests conscientiously between performances, and gives most of her leisure strength to a well-stocked and varied library.

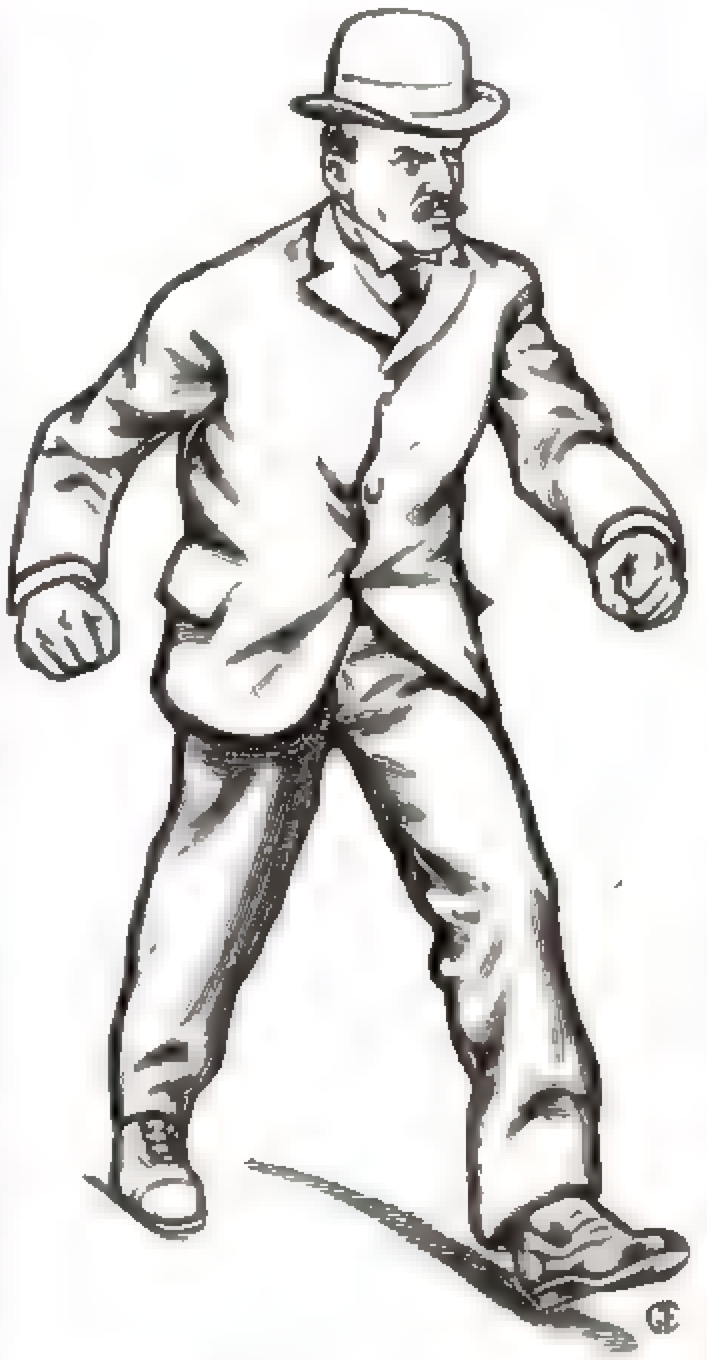
On the few occasions when she does appear in company, her vitality and charm of quaint and original temperament are no less marked than when she is on the stage. Lately one of the admirers of her art met her for the first time, and asked her what the books were upon which she spent so much of her time. She mentioned Emerson and Plato as the chief of them, and said she did not care at all for novels. "I suppose that what makes me less interested in novels," she explained, "is the theatrical feeling which always tells me just what they are tending toward, and how they are going to turn out." Then she added, as if to seem less pedantic: "You don't have that feeling with Plato!" And by-and-by, in a similar strain of frankness, she confessed to a liking for Ouida and The Duchess.

Her freshest confidences were with regard to Peter Pan. It was remarked that on her first night in the play on Broadway, when she came down to the footlights and said to that most blasé and difficult audience: "*Say* that you believe in fairies!" she looked genuinely scared for fear of the response. "Yes!" she answered. "But did you notice that they cried 'We do! We do!' even before I had finished speaking?"

Her particular joy is in the little boys and girls who have come to love her because of Peter and the pirates. Once, when coming out of the theatre by the stage door, which is usually the haunt of the chappies, she heard a bold, confident voice exclaim: "That's Maude Adams! There she goes!" She turned about and saw that the speaker was a little urchin, and that at meeting her eyes he was abashed and quite cast down. But, though still turning his face away, he held out toward her a single red rose. On another occasion a youngster was introduced to her. It took him some time to be convinced that this creature with long skirts and hair done up on her head was in reality — which is to say, on the stage — the wistful boy in pantaloons who fought the Pirate Hook and would not for anything grow up. When he was finally convinced, he said to her quite skeptically: "*I* didn't say I believed in fairies. Because I don't! And there were a whole lot of us who didn't say so, either!" The incident she tells with most archness and charm, however, is of a child who saw Mr. Charles Frohman cross the stage. "Look! That is one of the pirates!" this child whispered.

The Rescue of George Ade

ACCORDING to George Marion, who has made a great reputation as stage manager for the productions of Henry W. Savage, there is at least one respect in which George Ade stands in a class by himself. Most authors fight to the finish against any change in their text or stage business. When their position enables them to take such a stand, they insist on putting a clause in their contracts permitting them to select their own casts, and providing that not a word shall be cut or added without their express consent. Mr. Ade, however, listens to every suggestion with a ready ear, and is more apt to think himself in the wrong than in the right. Sometimes he himself takes the initiative, and appears at rehearsal with whole scenes rewritten or elaborate stage business changed. In his long experience, Mr. Marion concludes, Mr. Ade is the only author he has ever had to save from himself.



The Man with the "Sore Coat"

By A. Taylor-Cutler

HE certainly had a Grouch!

There was blood in his Eye, as he walked down the aisle of McMartins.

He was Looking, he said for the Party who *Sold* him that Coat — and he put an unnecessary accent on the word "Sold."

But the said party saw him first, and Got Busy with *another* Customer in a jiffy.

The Man said the Coat was a Cripple — and it needed no affidavit to prove it.

He said It *looked* All Right when he bought It a week ago, but he guessed there was Dope in the Mirror, or the Salesman had mesmerized him.

Because, not even his Wife would believe that *He* could have put up such a Job on himself as to pay REAL MONEY for a Coat that made him Look like a Monkey, as this did.

* * *

He showed the Floorwalker how the Coat was trying to Get the Best of Him, by Climbing up his Shoulders, and over his Ears, every time he swung his arms about in Conversation.

He pointed out that the left Lapel bulged up as if he had a live kitten under it, and that it "set-away" from his vest as if it was built to display a Knight Templar badge the size of a platter.

Then he caught hold of the Floorwalk by his two Lapels and Pulled him down round-shouldered.

He did this to illustrate how *Unhappy* he felt at the back of his Neck, while wearing the pinchy Coat-Collar he *then* suffered from

Oh, Mr. Man had a Sore-Coat, for fair!

And, he Wanted his Moneybak, quick!

But the Floorwalker had an Easier Way of Fixing Things than that.

He knew Mr. Man had merely drawn the wrong coat in the usual Clothes Lottery, and that its Flat-iron *Faking* had just *wilted* out in the recent damp weather.

The Floorwalker was a Wise-Guy and he was used to quick thinking.

So, he said he'd just have the Bushelman "fix" that Sore-Coat in a jiffy, so it would fit Mr. Man as slick as a whistle

That's if the Man would just let him have the Coat for a Little While, so the Tailors could make a Few alterations.

So the Sore-Coat was "shaped up" in a hurry, once again, by old Dr. Flat-iron, and restored to its Original Elegance

Its Bulging Lapel was shrunken to the limit, its tight Collar *stretched* out and "set" as smoothly as on the day the Man bought It.

Then the exuberance of Cloth which lay in wrinkles over the shoulder-blades was *sweated* away, into a *contraction*, by old Dr. Goose — the Flat-iron Fakir.

* * *

When The Man put the Coat on again he hardly knew himself in it — such a Slick Proposition had the Flat-iron developed in a bare thirty minutes.

But — the Floorwalker spoke from his heart when he "hoped we would now have a month of Fine Weather!"

Because — he knew that the first Damp day would again bring out all the doctored *defects*, in the Sore-Coat, as badly as ever

He knew these had *not* been permanently *removed* by Sincere *hand-needle-work*, but were only *covered up* by old Dr. Goose — the Flat-iron Fakir

You see 80 per cent. of all Clothes made by Custom Tailors, and by Clothiers are *faked* into their *final* shape by the Flat-iron

Because, *that* is the quickest and easiest way of remedying practically all *defects* in the Tailoring — of *shrinking* and *stretching* the Cloth into shape, through moisture and heat, instead of *Working* it into *permanently corrected* shape by expensive *hand-needle-work*

So the Coat that's a "Beaut" when you *first* put it on at the mirror, may go into a Spasm when the first *damp day* gets after its Flat-iron faking

* * *

We are telling *you* this because we want to Open *your* Eyes to some Tricks of the Trade that *we* have to fight against, in the sale of our "Sincerity" Clothes

It Costs *us* Good Money to *correct* every flaw in each Garment that *we* make, with sincere *hand-needle-work*, instead of with Flat-iron *faking*, *before* we let old Dr. Goose have even a Look in for the finishing

That's why our Sincerity Clothes *hold* their shape, and the Style we put into them, till worn out, and hold it in *damp* or *dry* weather.

If they fit you "right" when you *buy* them you may bank on it that they'll *keep on* fitting you "right" till you are through with them.

That's a *Great* Thing to Know, and you're sure to find it True in every Coat or Overcoat that bears the label (below) of the Sincerity Tailors.

If you want an absolute *Test* to reveal *Flat-iron Faking*, which Test you can apply to any coat *before* purchasing, enclose a two-cent stamp to Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago, for it.

And don't you forget this label —

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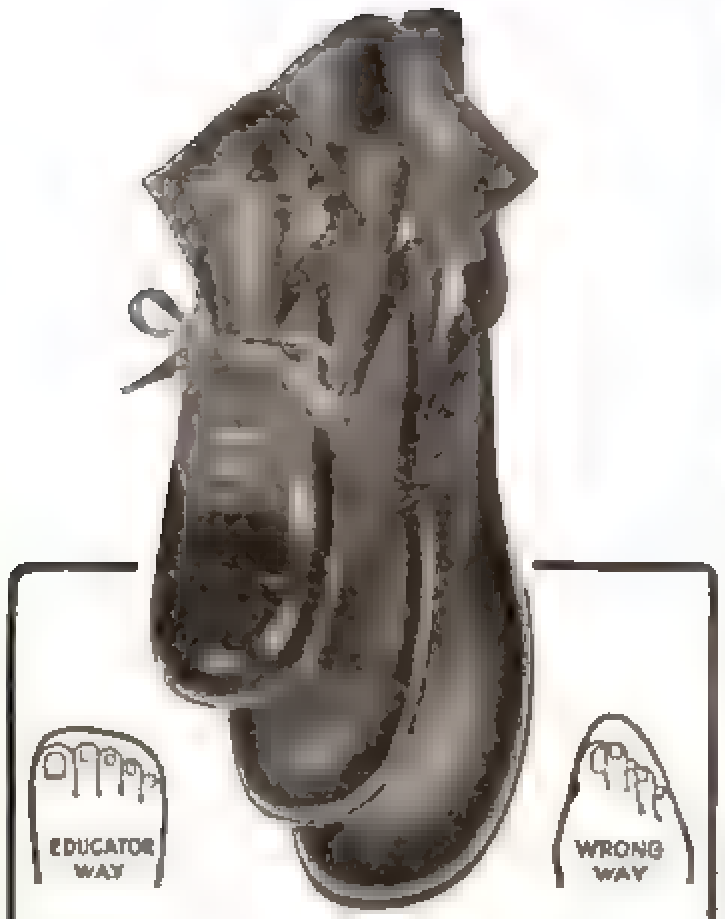

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The Personal Correspondence of a Diplomat

BY J. W. FOLEY

MAPLEVILLE, November 1.

My Dear Aunt :

I suppose you have heard from Mamma how I am down here going to school which promises to be good experience for me except that the things to eat are not as good as we get at home or down at you and Uncle George's. Still we cannot have everything we want which should make us thankful for what we have although I am saving up quite an appetite for when I go home. The school is a very nice place and seems to be very prosperous and rich except the boarding house which has to be run very economical to make it pay which makes us learn more than we eat. But a boy generally has more appetite than he wants to have knowledge. By studying hard it makes you forget your meals occasionally which is a great inducement.

The table we sit at runs the whole length of a big room and perhaps a hundred boys are all busy trying to reach the best things to eat which is quite a sight. The having to reach for the best things is good for you in helping you to get along well in after years. A hundred boys all eating requires considerable of stuff to eat and if you are not careful and improve your time you are apt to be disappointed in what you do not get. The boys pay close attention to eating which does not make much conversation at our meals.

I suppose you and Uncle George are getting ready for the winter with the cellar full of apples and many mince pies on the shelves to season. It only seems like a few days since Henry Gregg and me spent part of the summer with you having much pleasure that we will never forget although we are older now and more serious in our life. Henry said he was so full of good things so often down at your house his stepmother had to let out his pants two inches about the waist but I guess it is all taken in again now.

I do not remember if Henry and me thanked you and Uncle George for all your kindness and I thought I would write and make sure. Many of the things a boy does not say are not because he does not mean to but because he forgets it.

I have been telling the boys here about the pumpkin pies you make which some of them are doubtful about being the best that can be made although if they could get a taste of one they would never say they are not the best again. It is too bad a pumpkin pie does not travel well being so soft and liable to get mashed otherwise you could send them all over the country and make a fortune by only letting people know where they can get them. I suppose if you put them in tins and have round boards on each side so they could not get mashed they would go quite a long ways. I would be willing to have you send me one up here that was fixed that way and I would look to see how it kept and then send it back if you wanted me to. By that we could see how they would travel and you could get up quite a trade in pies if it worked all right.

I dont know what made me happen to think of pies unless it was telling you about the boarding house and things to eat and probably you would not care to bake so many pies so I will say no more about it. But I will not take back what I said about they being the best that can be made even if I can not be able to prove it to them.

I am going to be oftener about writing to you and Uncle George now that I am getting older and appreciate my relations more. Whenever I have stamps I will send you a letter as well as Mamma if you would care to have me although a boy cannot write so very much that people would care to know about except his own folks which are always glad to hear from him. The having no fights among the boys here makes it less interesting to write letters about. Love to Uncle George and you.

Your affectionate nephew
TOMMY.

P. S.—Dont mention what I said about the pies which I would take out only it is on two sheets with something else and would interfere. TOMMY.

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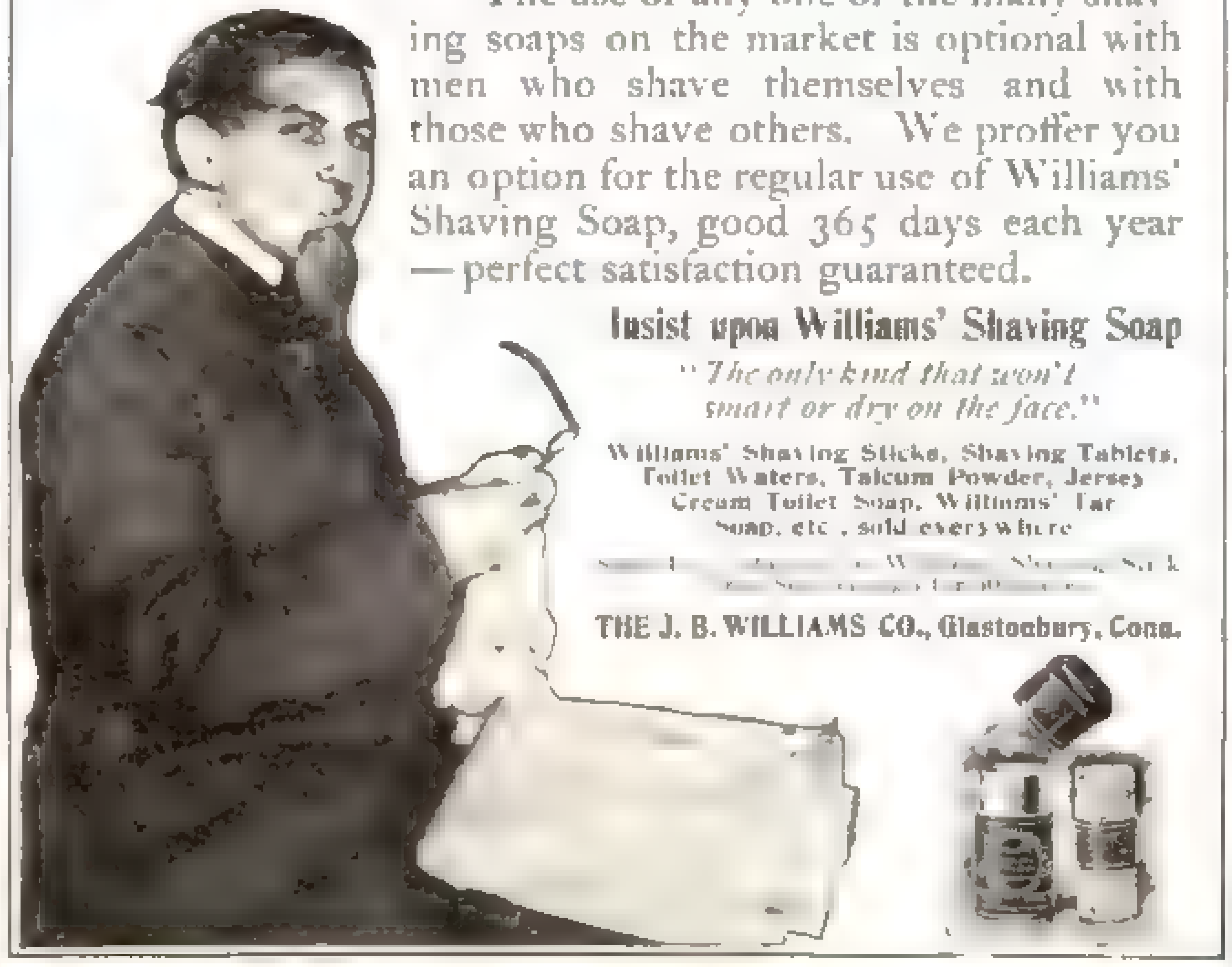
An option is the purchased privilege of putting your foot into it, and then withdrawing if the water seems hot. The man who has an option on the creamy antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap never wants to withdraw.



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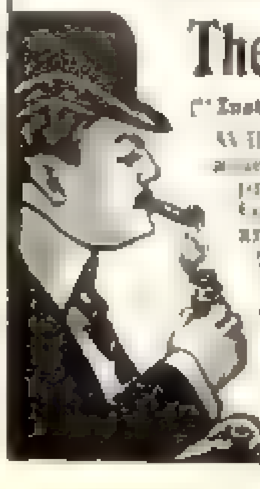

The "Instanto" Pocket Cigar Lighter

("Instanto" Trade Mark) IGNITED BY AIR ("Instanto" Trade Mark)

Will not ignite unless exposed to the air. Absolutely safe. Always dependable. Conveniently carried in the vest pocket. [illegible] practically indestructible. Handsome Nickel Plated [illegible], 50 cents; Gun Metal, $1.50; Sterling Silver, $[illegible] [illegible] Solid Gold and Gold Plated Cases. Sent post[illegible]

The Public and Trade are cautioned against purchasing other Cigar Lighters of a similar nature. Law Suits are now pending

Our Self Acting Gas Lighter [illegible] Not a gas mantle. [illegible] Ignites the gas immediately. Absolutely safe. Guaranteed [illegible] supersedes [illegible] Write for price list of our other novelties

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Those who would be "well groomed" sometimes overlook the importance of or are careless in the selection of shoes.

You have noticed this:

The "well groomed" man is always well shod.

In shoes, as in all things else, you generally get what you pay for; but in

Hanan Shoes

there is something more than the intrinsic value represented by leather, workmanship and modern machinery. It is that indefinable thing which results in a proper blending of style, good taste and absolute comfort, and all this depends upon the skill of the lastmaker. The touch of distinction is the "Hanan in the Shoe." A Hanan of the third generation makes the pattern lasts.

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Shoes for Men and Women

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Send for the Hanan Style Book [illegible]

[illegible] this trade-mark [illegible] the ideal [illegible]

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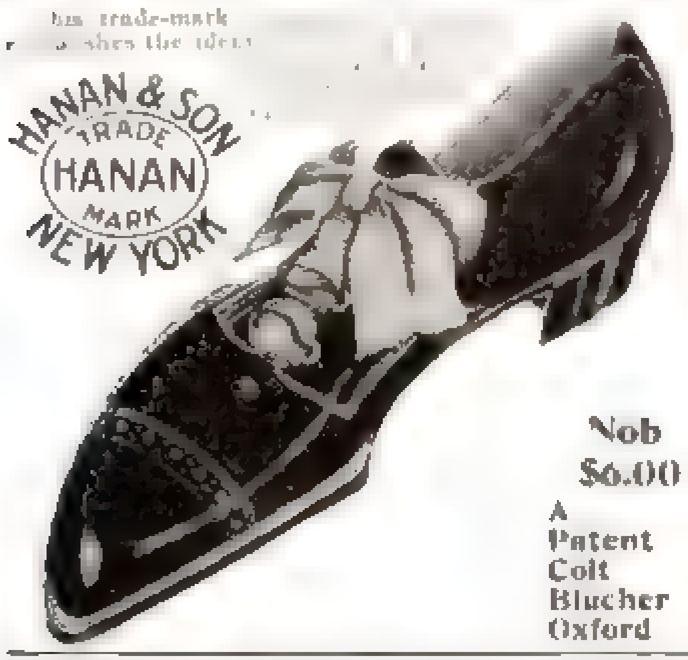

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It was one of the first [illegible] in this country to employ [illegible] accounts in detail so as to prevent any [illegible] of officers or employees

It is Solid as a Rock

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MAPLEVILLE, November 10.

Dear Aunty:

I cannot tell you how pleased and surprised I was to get the two pies which came by express. They came through in fine shape with the boards on the top and bottom cut out of the top of an apple barrel, which I have saved to send back to you in case you should ever want to use them again which may not be very probable although you never can tell when you will need some old thing that you have thrown away. I would not have believed pumpkin pies would travel so well unless I had seen them myself. Your kind letter came also telling me the pies were meant for me but you would not have time to send them to many places to sell as I suggested which I thought would probably be the case after I wrote it

It was very pleasant for me to get them because I could prove to the boys about being the best. I gave a slice to some of the boys I consider to be the best judges of pie we have and they have nothing more to say which is a great victory for me and you. The rest of them I kept for myself because of it being a boys' strike against hash twice a week at the boarding house and none of us went to Wednesday dinner which is always hash. The boys sent a petition to the boarding house lady against Wednesday hash although there is no objection to Saturday hash only. So we will not go to Wednesday dinner any more as long as it is hash. We do not know how the strike is coming out yet because most of the favor is on her side but if we get the Wednesday hash done away with it will be a great thing for the future boys which should be our aim like George Washington and Patrick Henry. So I ate a whole pie for last Wednesday which makes you more apt to keep up the strike when you have got a full stomach.

If you should write to Mamma I would not tell her anything about us being on the strike because it is better for me to suffer on Wednesdays as long as it lasts than to have her worry so. I can get along someway and the strike is liable to be over soon as pork is coming in very cheap which we are liable to get instead of hash.

The letter we sent to the boarding house lady was very respectable being fixed up part out of the Declaration of Independence and part of our own where it would agree in the wording.

I would like to write you a long letter about Mapleville but I am afraid I could not put it so it would be very interesting to you. The Academy has several hundred boys all learning their studies and to be a credit to their parents which we will be able to tell better about in after years. When we march out all together we are quite a sight and contain many boys from various places. They are all very generous, sharing what they get among each other and one of the boys lent me the stamp to write you about the pies because I was out. It is very hard to keep any money for stamps or laundry which seems to come due very often. There are no girls in the school but considerable of expenses otherwise. I have met some nice girls at a party down town which are full of fun and I have bought ice cream for them on warm days which delays getting your laundry but is very pleasant and sociable while it lasts.

I am learning a great many things here which are in my books and which are not. Lending some of my money to the second and third year boys was a good thing for me because it comes back very slow and teaches you to look ahead a little to see how soon you are going to get it back. I am quite long getting some of mine back which I would be able to use now and then. The second year you are here you learn not to lend any money which the first year boys do not know yet. Most of the learning you get the first year is not in the books but is just as good. What learning you get that way is more liable to remain in your mind.

I am growing considerably tall and am a little slim which is not strange for growing boys but if we win the strike against Wednesday hash it will help. If me and Henry Gregg behaved ourselves last summer well enough to get another invitation down there I will look forward with much pleasure. I guess I am not going home till Christmas which leaves Thanksgiving open. I was looking on the map to-day and it is only sixty miles from here to where you are.

Your affectionate nephew

TOMMY.

P. S.—Love to Uncle George who I am becoming to look like a good deal as I am growing older.

TOMMY.

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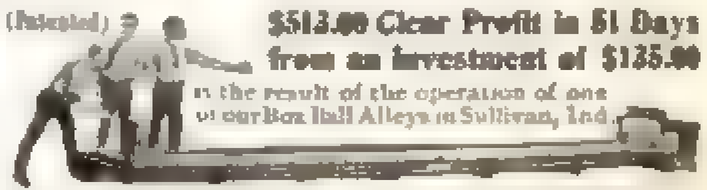

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SEND 4 CENTS (STAMPS) FOR TRIAL STICK TO COLGATE & CO., DEPT. P 55 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

No. 1 NO TACKS NOR HAMMER NEEDED

Fasten up the innumerable "LITTLE THINGS" about your home [illegible]

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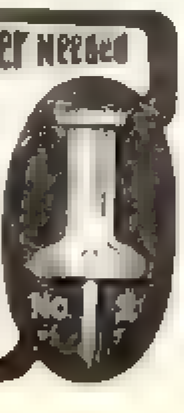
[illegible] Glass [illegible] Steel [illegible] Try them for pretty silk corded CALENDARS [illegible] Moore Push-Pin Co. 1786 11th St., Phila. Pa.

Here's a Pin [illegible]



HIS NOBLER AMBITION

(Concluded from Page 5)

Then the Set unexpectedly and delightfully relieved the situation. "I do not think," said its spokesman, with a curl of his lip and a glance at the Mick, "that we care to play with you."

Wellington turned white and quietly slipped out the door. It was coming now. He softly mounted the stairs to his room.

The Mick gulped and the Gang looked at him inquiringly. Then he strode across the parlor, thrust his chin out, and said to the spokesman:

"Hey, Lizzie, lemme hear youse come ag'in wid dat. Wot? All right. Play wid dis?" Whereupon he extended an open hand, placed the palm across the spokesman's mouth and two fingers in each eye, and shoved smartly. The velvet-clad youth responded with a punch that landed on the Mick's ear. For a second only was that person overcome with astonishment. Then he howled and went into action.

Where the Mick went the Gang followed lovingly. It was beautiful. Into the hands of Henny the Runt fell a fat, curly headed little boy, with a lace collar, and Henny improved the opportunity amazingly. The Bat and one of the most perfect little gentlemen in the Set rolled in close grips under a gilt sofa. Heimsey found surcease from a troubled and doubtful spirit in the dear delight of bouncing his fists on the head of an unscientific and thoroughly-alarmed boy who was taller than himself. Jimmy Maginn, who had a sneaking fondness for his friend, the Welt, could not resist the joy of twining his fingers in the locks of a hopeful whose mother thought that curls were cute. The Gang worked easily and without restraint, now that embarrassment was gone.

The noise of the battle floated upstairs to the ears of Wellington, who trembled with joy and fear, yet dared not come down. Also, the sound of falling bodies and hurrying feet, the squeals of fear, caused Mrs. Mountford and Annie and the borrowed girl to look at each other in mute horror and rush out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Gang and Set were rolling around in animated little knots when they entered the parlor.

Mrs. Mountford shrieked and stood transfixed. Not so the abler Annie. With that instinct which Wellington had learned was unerring in the affairs of the small boy, she made for the Mick, now engaged with his second opponent and performing an eminently successful operation upon his nose. Annie laid a brawny hand on the Mick's collar, yanked him to his feet and, with what seemed to be a single swing, hurled him into the hall. Next to her hand came the Bat, who, being lighter than the Mick, followed even faster. A third and fourth were catapulted out of the parlor with the same prodigious arm. The fifth chanced to be Henny the Runt, although it was mere chance that led Annie to select one of the lieutenants. They were all alike to her.

The Gang rose from its labors as one boy, leaving work half-finished, and piled panic-stricken into the hall, down the basement stairs and into the street. Those who chanced to run the gauntlet of Annie's arms were slightly accelerated, though this was wanton upon Annie's part, for with the Mick gone no inducement to flight was necessary.

In the street the Gang melted away magically, to reckon gains and losses when it reached some safe and familiar haven. There was only one who stopped to look around, and he was the Mick. Rage and wounded pride swelled in his bosom. He had been the first to leave the field, and shame overcame him. He waved his fists menacingly at the home of the Welt, which was still spouting small boys from its basement doorway, and yelled:

"Wait'll we git you, Eyesey, you—you—lizzie!" Saying which, he, too, fled.

Eyesey was at a second-story window, viewing the flight with consternation and self-loathing, and the words of the Mick reached his ears. He turned away, his lips quivering, and flung himself, face downward, upon his bed, where a moment later he burst into a volley of sobs. It was all over now! The Gang was through with him! The Mick had called him a "lizzie."

Mrs. Mountford entered her son's room softly. The Welt was not there. In his place, still sobbing out his anguish, was H. Wellington Mountford, face down upon the bed.

LET'S talk it over between ourselves. Open a correspondence. Get acquainted that way. Learn of each other.

The subject of Life Insurance isn't a hard thing to understand. No great mystery about it; no question as to its value.

I think that the man who needs life insurance most is the man who is employed on a salary and who has a family. Death will cross that man off the pay-roll; and that might mean much to his family.

Do you think of that? Do you think of it now while you are in good health, now when the rate is cheapest for you? That's the time to think of it, surely.

Maybe you do think; can't stop thinking; and the more you think the more you conclude you can't? A man is apt to get that way—puzzled, perplexed, hesitating.

You want to be put right; you really do. And I want to put you right. So sit down and let yourself out in a letter. Tell me all about it—how you're fixed, what your prospects are, how much insurance you'd like to get, and how old you are.

Address it to me personally. I say this because I want you to feel free to consult me. You'll get a friendly reply, one that will help you. See if you don't.

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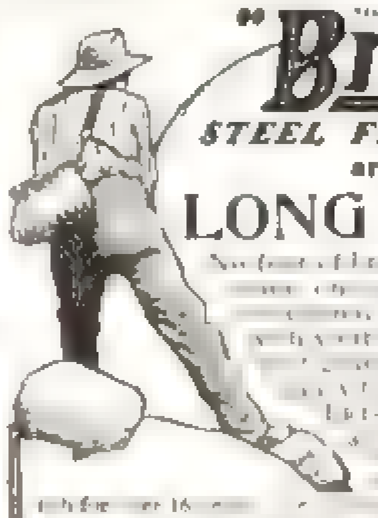
The Horton Mfg. Co. 96 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.



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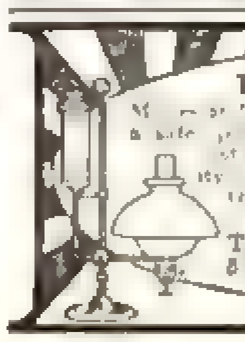

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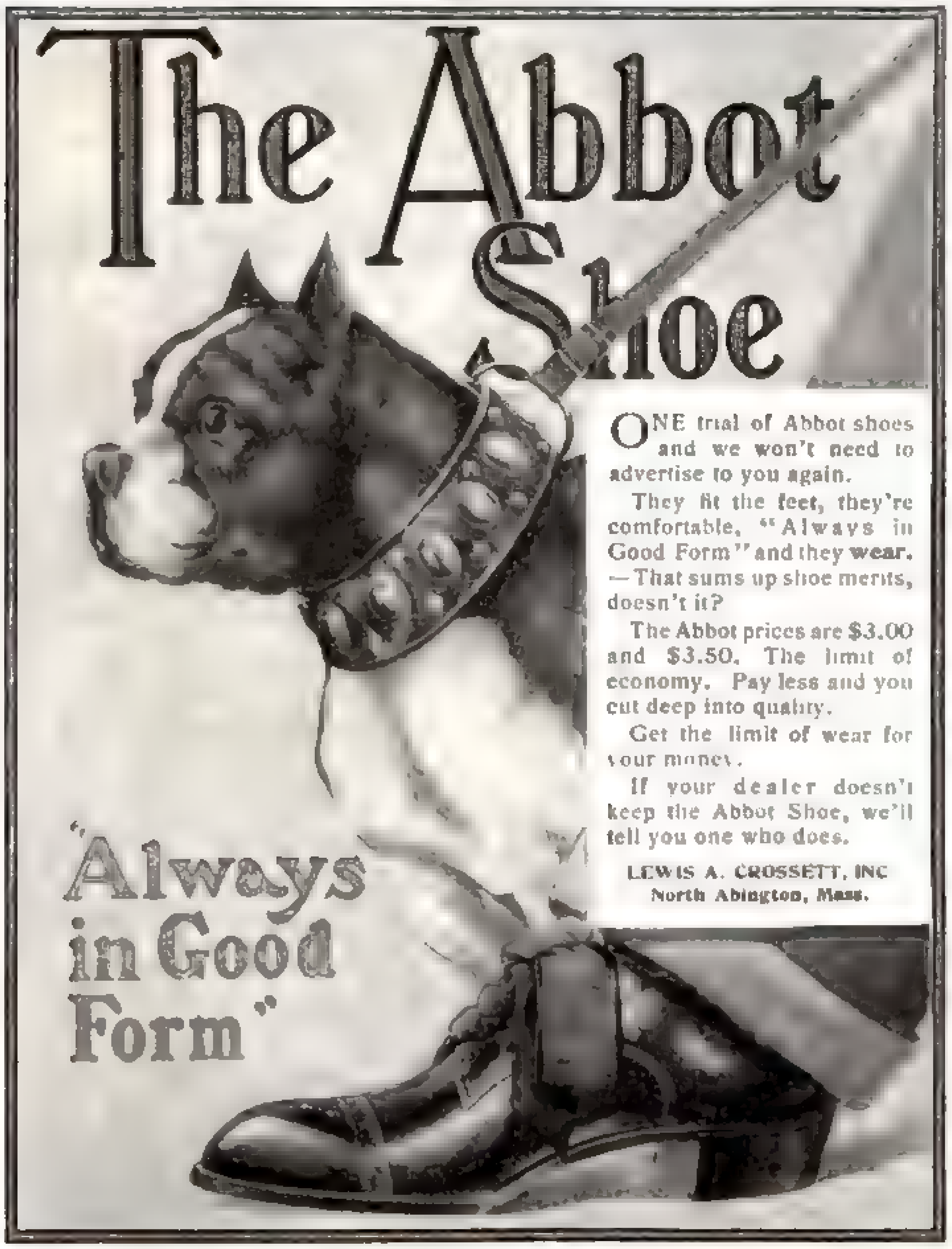

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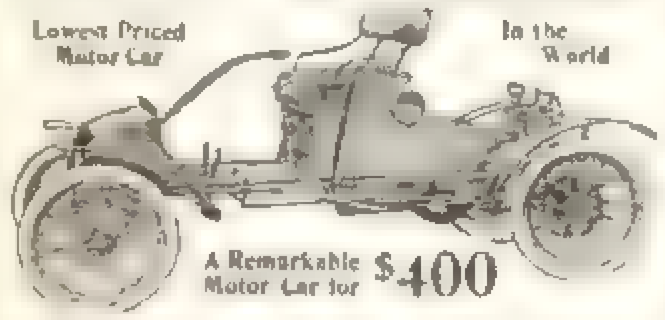

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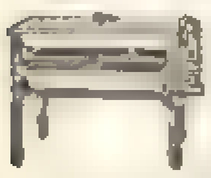

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Underground Fire in Russia

(Continued from Page 3)

safety limit, and ran right through the besieging lines, though his train was riddled by bullets from machine guns. He saved two hundred leaders, but he himself was caught and bound to a post to be shot. Then he laughed at the Cossacks.

"'Shoot hard,' he said, 'for instead of just me you should be shooting two hundred!'

"In Poland I had a young friend—a division superintendent near Warsaw. Two years ago he brought into his railroad office a printing press. It sank through a trapdoor in the daytime, but at night it came up, and with it he and his eight assistants printed secret proclamations to railroad workmen. He showed them what tremendous help they could give to the struggle; he made a sub-committee on every division of his road, and each member of such a committee formed again a committee in his smaller division. So it spread till the whole system was under control.

"The strike came last October, and all Russia was paralyzed. But here, too, the rising had come before they were ready.

"When the strike was over the police broke into this man's office at night, dragged him off and beat him. And now he is in Irkutsk, Siberia. His wife and children are still in jail.

"In the next month it was the Cossack custom simply to gather in all men suspected of having had anything to do with the strike. Beside railroad stations they were lined up by scores—hands bound behind their backs—and were shot. The women and children were forced to look on.

"So the Czar fulfills the promise he made last autumn: 'Immunity to all Revolutionists. Freedom of religion. Freedom of meeting. Freedom of speech. Freedom of the press.'"

"Freedom of the press!" A new voice, intense but very low. A boy of nineteen, tall and slender, had been sitting in a dark corner of the room. As he leaned forward now the light from the lamp fell on his face—haggard and deep-lined.

"I escaped from Russia because they thought I was dead.

"In our university in Petersburg, a year ago, we all struck because of the massacre. I went back to my home in a Baltic town and helped my father, who ran a liberal newspaper.

"One night three months ago the Cossacks broke in, and bound us and drove us down the street. They laughed and lashed us with nagaikas. At the prison door they pushed us apart. My old father had just time to grab my hand and cry:

"'It's all right! They won't dare to keep us here long!'

"At this they laughed, and one of them struck my father so hard he fell back against the wall. At this they laughed more and pushed him through the door. I have never seen him since.

"Me they put in a stone cell six feet square—wet, cold and more foul than I can speak of. There I fell down because of the bleeding. But soon I jumped up and began thinking hard. It was dark. I moved my hand in front of me—I could not see it. I could not hear a sound. Many hours went by. I fell down several times, but stood up again. All the next day. The next night. The next day. Still no sound, no water, no food.

"Then came two police and bound my hands and took me up into a big room. I found there about eighty men and women and eight children—three were girls and very small. The faces of all were white, often the women sank down. They told me they, too, had been starved.

"A big Cossack officer came into the room with a list in his hand. He pointed to me and eleven others. But just then a Lutheran minister came in and cried:

"'They must not be shot without a trial! Keep them at least one day! Give me time to see the baron!'

"We were pushed out of the room and into the street. Again the Cossacks lashed us till the blood dripped. We came at last to the old castle of the baron who represented the Czar.

"Again I was in a small cell alone. Again darkness. Still no food or water. But no silence. Far above me I could hear stamping and songs and shouts of laughter, for my

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have been received by us that we hasten to make clear that it was not our purpose to attract such direct applications. Your own tailor can supply you if *you insist.* Every reputable jobber in the country handles our goods and if you want our exclusive patterns insist that your tailor obtain them for you.

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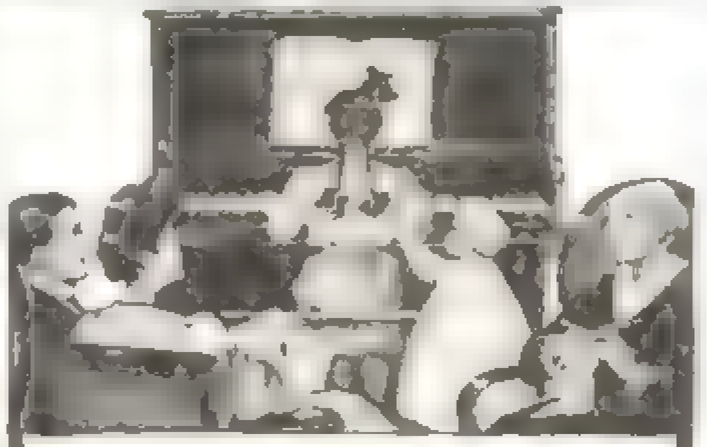

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cell was below the big dining-hall where the Cossacks were carousing with the baron.

"The fourth day. Still no food or water.

"At nightfall again they led me out with a crowd of about forty men. As we passed the town prison we were joined by sixty more. We all had our hands bound behind our backs, and the Cossacks drove us along, lashing as before.

"We reached the snow-covered beach of the sea. Quickly they lined us up by fives. I saw twenty Cossacks, laughing and jeering, take their position before the first five. Twenty guns flashed in the darkness, a scream, and the five men rolled in the snow.

"So the next five—and the next. When my turn came I was too weak to keep up. Again for me the world became black.

"I regained a little consciousness, not enough to open my eyes, but just to hear. I had swooned just before they fired and so had not been shot. I lay motionless in order not to be noticed. All around me I heard rifle-shots and sharp death shouts. Between the shots incessantly rose groans and cries of agony. At last I swooned again. And when again I came to, the Cossacks all were gone and it was day. Cautiously I sat up. Around me on the snow lay a hundred bodies—which I shall not describe.

"Only one. A little boy of twelve lay near me. I had known him well in the village; the merriest of them all, the leader in all their games and jokes. His crime had been that, having heard his Lutheran parents talk against the Russian Church, he had stolen the Russian prayer-book and with his little comrades had burned it in the village street; and while it burned they danced around and sang the Marseillaise.

"No more singing now. He lay on his side—frozen stiff, his body twisted from the death pain, his two small hands clutching his cap to his face, as though not to see the guns pointing.

"I leaped up, sank down, but struggled up again and walked and crawled to the forest. There I was found by a peasant who took me to his hut, and the next night he brought to me two of my friends. They brought a disguise and money, and helped me escape.

"So the Czar kept his promise: to me—freedom of press; to the boy of twelve—freedom of religion."

"What we need is guns." The speaker was young, dark-haired, tall, erect—a major of the Russian army.

"We need guns and men to use them. And that is the purpose of the 'Guard of the People' to which I belong. Soldiers, officers, workmen, peasants, and men of all professions—we are organized by thousands all over Russia—organized to fight.

"Our society is new. We have no theories from books. We were not Revolutionists until the Japanese War. We did not wish this war, we were forced to Manchuria, and then disgraced.

"Our supplies, food, clothing, were always lacking, stolen by corrupt officials. We saw soldiers freezing and starving by thousands, with wounds and diseases uncared for.

"Some of us came back. We found trouble and suffering among the peasants around our estates. The Russian Government gives to a wounded man five roubles ($2.50) when he reaches home, and that is his only pension. The same to a widow. Three hundred thousand killed, their families starving all over Russia, the peasants double-taxed to pay for the war, everywhere peasants resisting and being lashed by Cossacks!

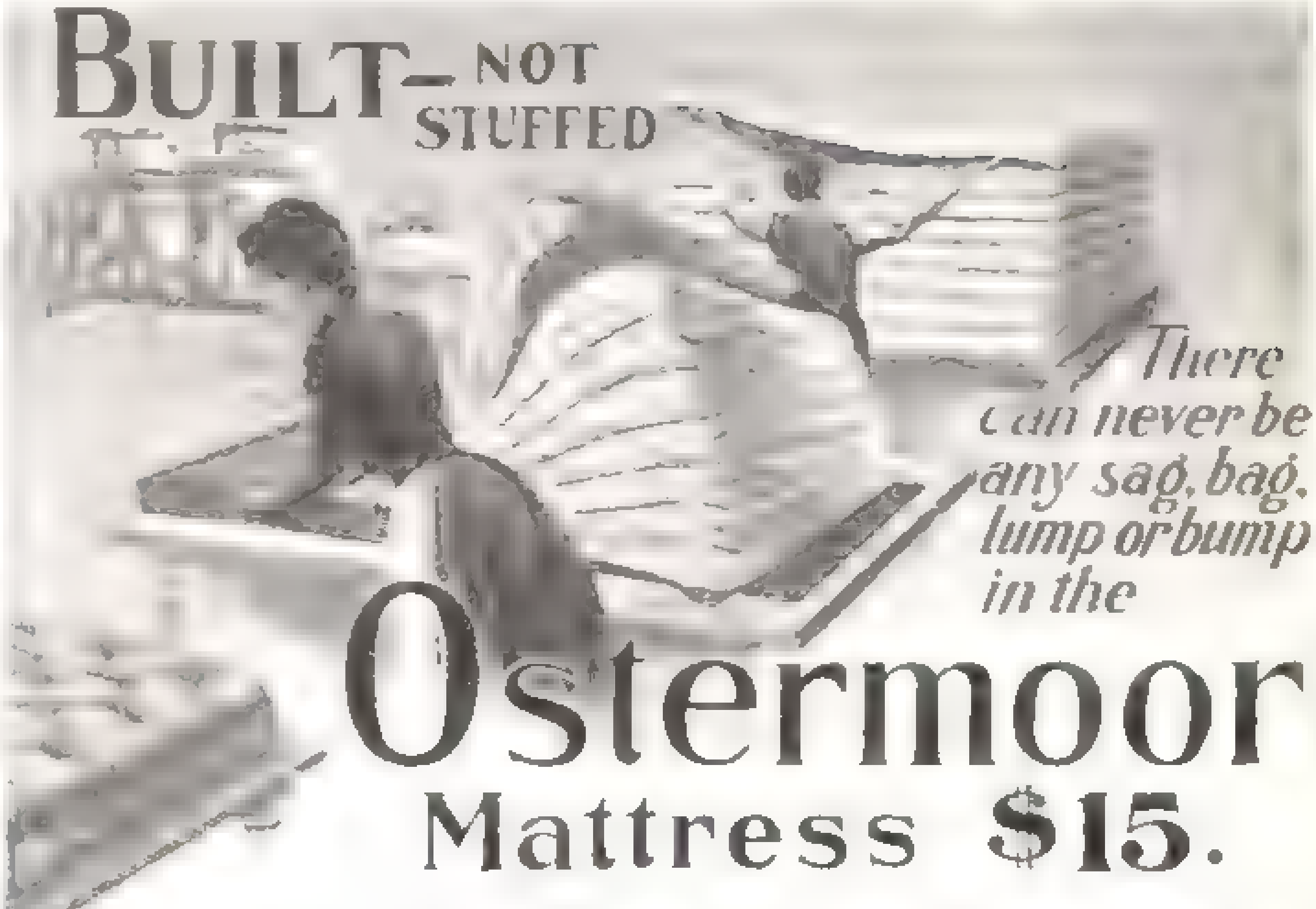
"Then last year we were ordered to shoot down these people!

"And then we became Revolutionists. But we were not ready, and so the struggle failed.

"Four months ago I was quartered in a big northern city. I was on the general's staff and I knew all his secrets. With three lieutenants and captains, I had charge of the press that printed all the official announcements. These we printed by day, but at night on the same press we printed our secret proclamations, and while the soldiers were at mess we hid the papers in their cots.

"Walking through the barracks in the evenings we could see the soldiers find these papers, read them cautiously in corners and eagerly hide them in their coats. First by ones and then by tens they joined our 'Guard.' In the barracks they held meetings—small groups in the dark.

"The police tried hard to stop our work. Last December they arrested some of my comrades, and when I heard this I left the barracks at night, but outside in the street I was seized by four Cossacks and taken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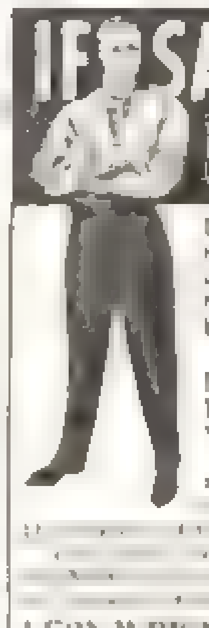

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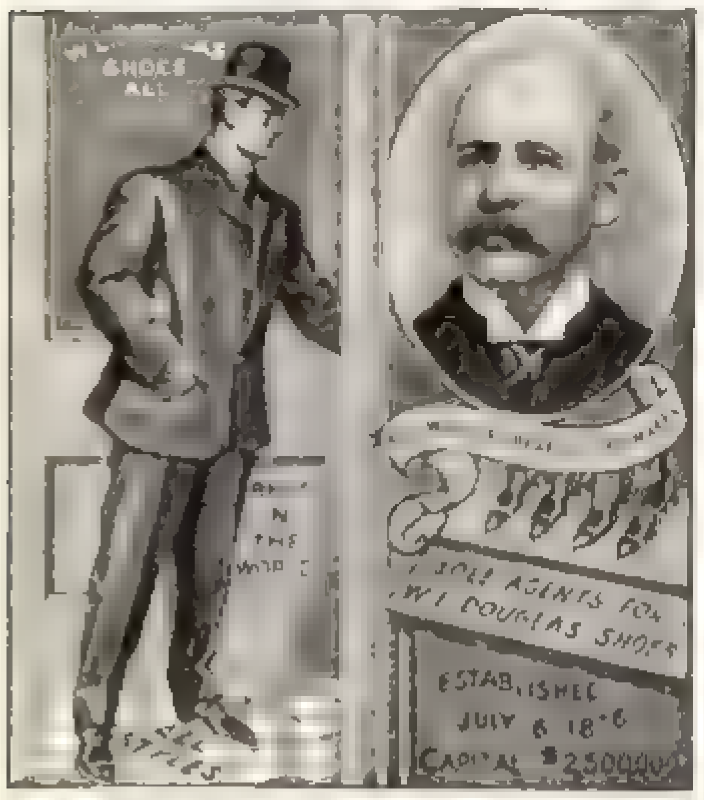

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to prison. There at night in my cell a prison guard brought me food. He looked at the loaf of black bread and said with a grin:

"'You will find this bread hard to eat.'

"The moment he was gone I broke the loaf and found inside a little steel saw. I cut through the bars of my window that night; tied my two blankets together, and dropped into the courtyard. As I had expected, the guards were all looking away. I ran to the wall—by good luck it was low—a little hard climbing and I was over. Outside I found one of my comrades—a young lieutenant.

"My friend had a horse ready, and in the next three nights I rode a hundred miles—sleeping in peasant huts by day. I got peasant clothes; summer clothes were all they had to give, but one young peasant gave me his sheepskin cloak, thick and warm. At a fishing village on the Finnish Gulf I was met by another 'Guard' member, an officer of the marines—for our 'Guard' has reached all through the navy.

"The fishermen gave us a little boat—very small—only twelve feet long. A larger boat we could not use because the ice reached out into the sea. At night, helped by strong fishermen, we carried the boat half a mile out to the edge of the ice, and then we started for Finland—just the two of us. It was lucky for me that my friend knew the sea so well. I myself was stupid in such things. I had a long pole with an iron point, and with this I shoved away the cakes of ice which the big waves kept throwing at us. My friend did the rest. For two days and nights we struggled.

"But at last we were picked up by a Finnish steamship, and on that we came to Helsingfors, and from there we came three days ago to America.

"Our friends behind work swiftly on. Even in Petersburg, in the Czar's own Guard of forty thousand, we have now over two thousand soldiers and officers working, swiftly changing it from the 'Guard of the Czar' to the 'Guard of the People.'

"Still further. Some of our higher Guard officers are in the Imperial Court, and they send us good news. Already many of the secret official telegraph codes and keys are in their hands. I do not hesitate to say this publicly, for the Government already knows that our men are in Court, but the Court is now so corrupt they can trust no one—they can do nothing to stop us.

"The Finnish army is with us. Thirty thousand strong—they rose to a man last autumn, pinned the red badge to their coats, became 'The Red Guard' and forced Russia to give Finland back her liberties. They are now ready to help us overthrow the Russian despotism

"In the Russian army, as I said, even the Czar's own Body Guard is ready. Only two days ago came the newspaper report of the annual banquet of the Body Guard in Petersburg. Six thousand cavalry men were there awaiting the Czar, the Grand Dukes and the higher military officials who have always come to the banquet. Not one of them arrived. The time for toasts came—still no leaders. Then a young officer leaped up with his glass held high:

"'To the Guard of the People!'

"Up leaped the six thousand, the whole hall shook with shouting and cheers. And an hour later when the time came to elect honorary officers—positions usually filled by grand dukes and princes—the soldiers elected instead the secret 'Guard of the People' leaders—among them Narodny, who is now here in New York.

"The next day forty officers and soldiers were arrested. But this stupid act cannot frighten the other six thousand.

"When the great rising comes we shall have all the codes, and, using these through our friends the telegraphers, we shall flash over Russia false commands to every regiment. Give us Petersburg and all its wires for one day—and the army will be ours!

"In the rising last fall the Revolutionist parties had no strong central body. But this summer when the rising comes we shall have all parties working under one strong military organization. Already we have met with their leaders, and they agree to settle their differences later. For fighting they will unite under us.

"We shall elect three fighting leaders: one military officer, one lawyer, one people's leader. Under this triumvirate all the work will be done. We shall have half the army, the railroads, the telegraphs. And most of all—we shall have the Russian people behind us!"

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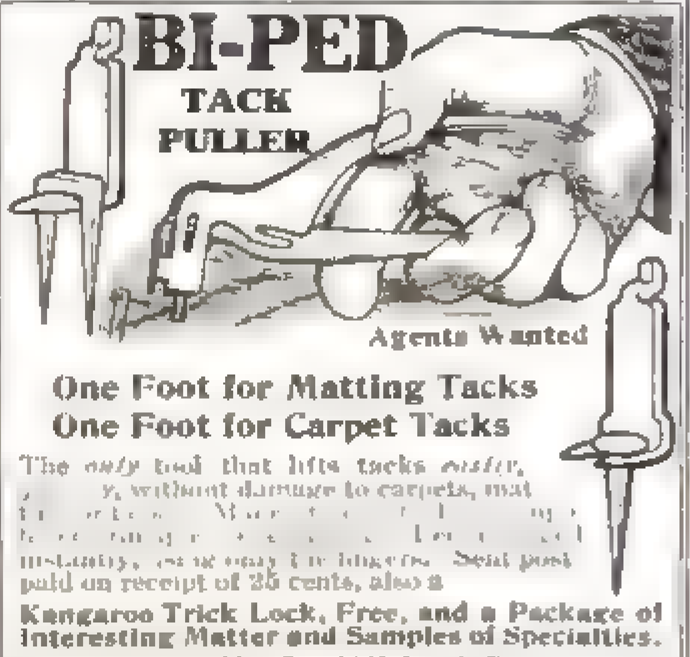

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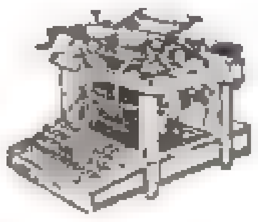

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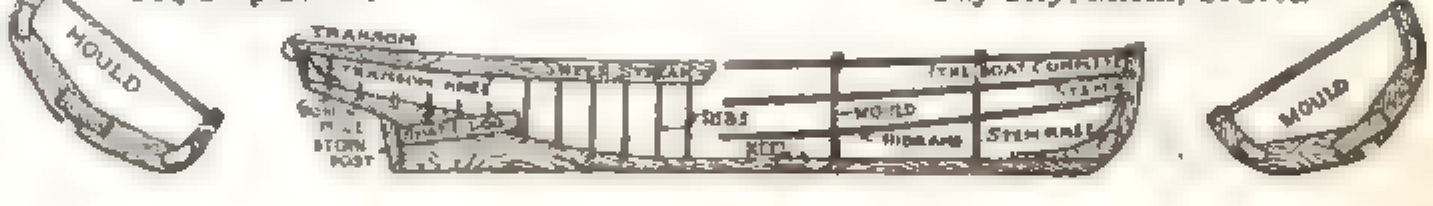

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It is not alone that we secure the best meats and fruits that can be had in the market—it is not alone that we prepare the Beech-Nut products in one of the three cleanest factories in the world—it is not alone that we pack Beech-Nut products in our famous vacuum glass jars, insuring their keeping qualities—it is not any one of these three things, but the religious adherence to all of them, that makes Beech-Nut products as good as they are. You recognize their goodness in every jar you use.

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Ptomaine poisoning from ice cream is caused by sour cans, fruit over-ripe, milk on the "turn," etc., which, highly flavored and frozen *tastes* all right.

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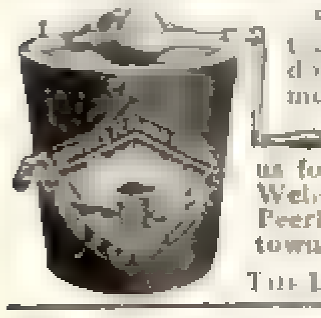
Never turns hard; freezes smooth, fine, firm, in three minutes; you *know* all is clean and pure. A wonderful help in setting an attractive table.



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THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Humors of Yellow Journalism

(Concluded from Page 9)

It was an excited Philadelphia desk man who wired from Philadelphia during the coal strike of 1901:

"President Baer sent a long telegram to-day to Carroll D. Wright. See Wright and get the telegram, and hurry it here by special messenger so we can reproduce it and show Baer's handwriting."

He probably thought the original, filed in Philadelphia, was transmitted in some way by wire to Washington.

"How many padded cells are there on United States' transports?" queried a New York editor of his San Francisco correspondent, scenting an "insanity and death" story concerning soldiers returning from the Philippines.

"Not any," the correspondent replied. "How many are there in your office?"

"Interview Mrs. McKinley on what she thinks of Carrie Nation" was telegraphed to a Washington correspondent, and to another: "Your story does not agree with the headlines printed over it in this morning's paper. Please explain." Inasmuch as the headlines were written in the office from which the telegram came, the correspondent had to give it up.

One rainy night, when the returning soldiers from Cuba were at Montauk Point, Long Island, the correspondents had finished their work and had tramped the two miles between headquarters and the old house where they were quartered. A doctor had been appointed to look after suspected cases of yellow fever and everybody had sent a paragraph about it. A yellow editor was struck with an idea at two o'clock in the morning. A muddy messenger-boy came in and woke all the weary sleepers to find the one for whom he had the message. When that unlucky person was hauled, protesting, from bed, he opened his message and blinked while he read: "Interview Doctor —— at once and ask him, categorically, what he knows about yellow fever."

A San Francisco paper covered its first page, a few years ago, with sketches of the water-front of San Francisco: "Drawn by Our Special Artist, Sarah Bernhardt, the Celebrated Actress." They were drawn by Bernhardt, too, and signed. A newspaper man who runs a paper in Nevada and who is a friend of Bernhardt's got them. She had promised him to make the sketches, but was always too busy. She expressed a desire to see the harbor, and the newspaper man took her out on a tug one afternoon. Mysteriously, the tug broke down. After some delay the actress demanded that she should be taken back to the city. There was a $1000 house waiting for her. Couldn't do it. The tug was disabled. Still, it was a good time for Bernhardt to draw those pictures.

She raved, commanded, implored. The newspaper man smoked calmly and remarked on the lights and shadows of the water-front. Finally, she capitulated and made the sketches. "Sign them," said he. She signed them meekly. Then the tug came to life and they went in. Next morning the paper had the pictures by its "special artist." That was a stroke that made every yellow editor in the country tear his hair.

One of the most distinguished ambassadors in journalism, who is now in near journalism, wrote a satire in some of his inspired moments. It was an open letter to the Czar of Russia, advising him to reshape the Russian Government on the lines of the Government of the United States. It said many unkind things about us in the guise of praise. It was most satirically satiric.

He handed it to his editor. The editor read it. Then he rushed out to the writer, waving his arms in the air and with the enthusiasm of a coming achievement in his eyes. "Great!" he shouted. "Simply great! Let's go over to Russia and do this and we will get all the credit! It will be the achievement of the century!"

N. B. This was a magazine emotion, not a newspaper one. There are a few yellow newspapers left, but most of them have passed. A reporter once wrote, when describing a police incident: "The prisoner ran an exciting muck." The yellow editors ran exciting mucks, also. Most of them are back on the reservations now—all, indeed, except a few incurables who are still working at it.

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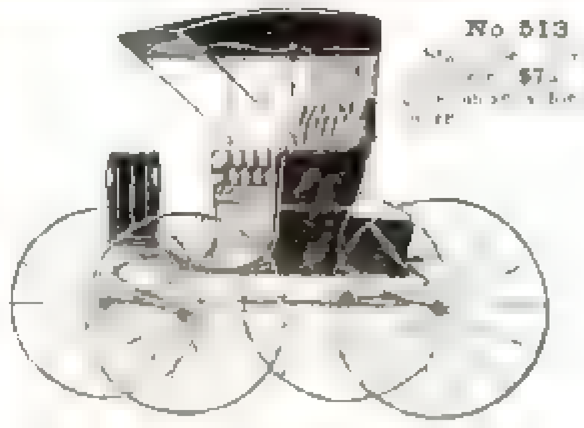

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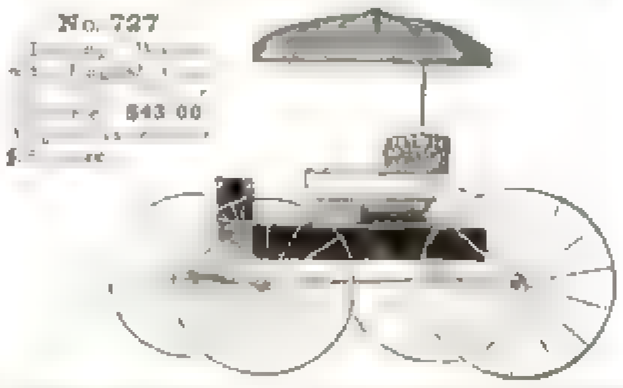

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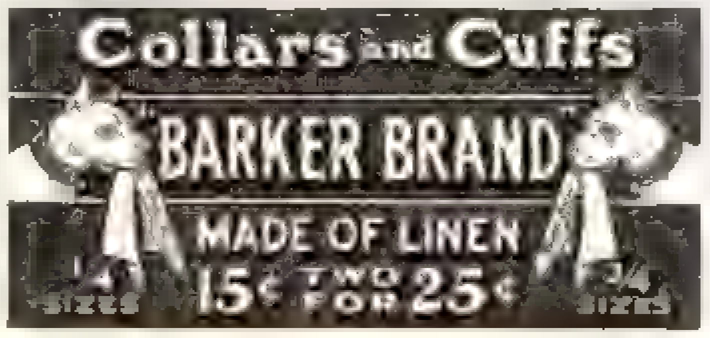

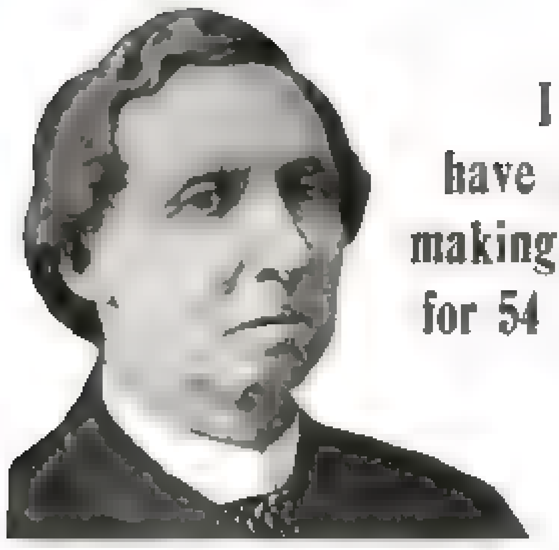

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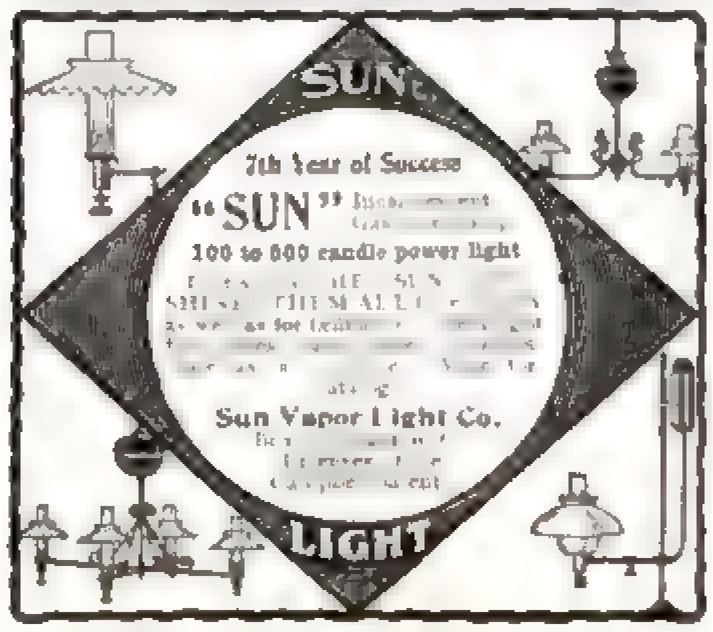

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Sun Vapor Light Co.

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The Day of Law

(Continued from Page 7)

simply when they came out. So to-day we have only mountains and streams to which other men said good-by the best part of a century ago. Yet, if we know no better, these may seem very good in our eyes.

The day of law and industry and commerce is supposed to be the time of commonsense. Yet there is far more sense than sentiment in the plea for at least a partial reversion. We need it. We need a calm and ancient West to offset the frenzy of a temporarily maddened East. No nation is greater than its wildernesses. Our industrial success has been merely the hurried marketing of our West. Our conquest of the world halts when our West is gone. We have been a great people, not because of our great foci of industry, but because of our great wildernesses.

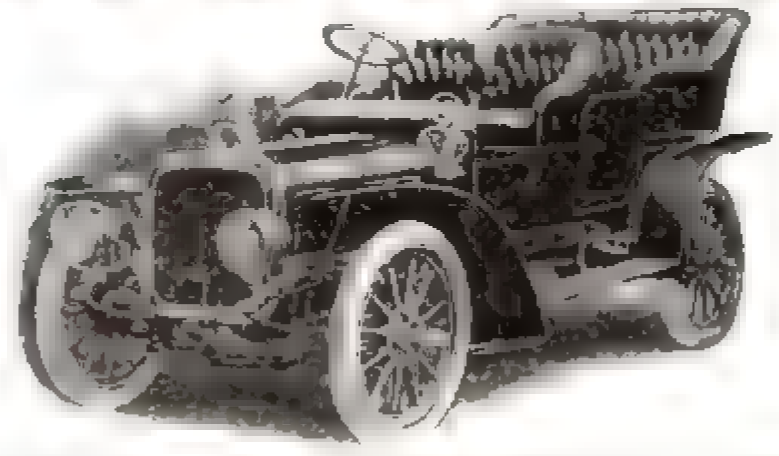
Sense and not sentiment will insist that we shall retain some man-medicine for future use. Esau is not to be despised, nor the Esau lands. We need some place where we may rebel, swear, wear a blue shirt, and declare to ourselves that there is no justice under the sky but that of fitness, no law but that of survival. We need in our eyes the figures of our early adventurers to teach us what conquest means. We need the tolerance and helpfulness and hospitality of a West to teach us what religion means. It is hard to understand how a sane people can so long have endured the iniquities possible in the industrial centres to-day, from child labor up to bad insurance and political rottenness. These things are not bred in the wilderness. The forests and hills never teach them. If as a nation we have contracted bad habits, if we are nationally ill, we must medicate; and the best of all medicines is the wilderness —even that bejackaled wilderness which alone is possible for us in America today.

With all the history of all the world open before him, from Nineveh and Rome down, the Anglo-Saxon has bred true to type which is to say, true to the greatest of all race contradictions. He steps on the westbound walk of fate, and goes far out and contents himself with the law of God. Then he sends back, post-haste, for the law of man. He takes the boldest of his savages and sends them hot-foot after other savages, in order to install and uphold this law of man. He will have nothing but the wilderness with one hand, and only the social compact with the other. Being happy, he wants to be unhappy. Being simple, he longs to be complex. Being without yoke, splendidly and gloriously free —with none to say him yea or nay—he sends back to some mail-order house of the ages and orders for himself a nice hand-tailored yoke, as good as any in Thule or Thuringia, New England or New York; and presently the yoke comes. Then he sticks his neck meekly through the yoke, and turning says to mother: "See what a nice new yoke the gentleman has brought me. Isn't it fine?" Mother says she thinks it very becoming.

Life, Liberty and Insincerity

In the palmiest days of poison and dagger there never was a nation more unstable than ours to-day. Never was there so hysterical and hypocritical a body of men under one so-called government as this one of America. We are utterly blind, utterly mad. We run, sobbing with our own frenzy. We mix hopelessly in our souls cause and effect, effort and result, success and failure. We long for the surplus, the reducible, transient things of life. We make into an idol, a demigod, the man who has piled up a board of naked bones, the jackal gnawing what lions have found. We should know that if we strip that man to his skin, he is only human, after all, and no demigod, and that it lies not within his power to stretch or to own or to alter the surface of this earth. The greatest of all our kings of finance cannot eat a mountain of bread. He cannot love any more than God put it into his heathen body to love. Strip him and analyze him and it comes to that. There are but the two problems and the two solutions. So there is your success and your financial king, your idol and your fancied demigod; and he is not so much!

But now, if lions could not preserve, be sure no hyenas can hold. If primeval law carried no title to the Boones and Carsons of the ages, then be sure the commercial



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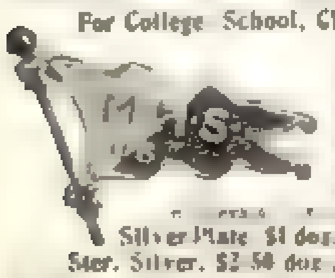

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titles of to-day are still more loose. Under all this, law, its justice and injustice, its kindness and cruelty, its merit and its iniquity, is the undelegated Saxon right. Back of it all are the problems of love and bread and butter. No financial king can long deny those two solutions to the Anglo-Saxon world. No new law can supplant the old law. No to-day shall wipe out our yesterday. This history of the Westbound, this story of the stars, this call of the West and of the wilderness—ancient, unsyllabled, mighty—it was too big a thing to endure for a time and then to pass away. This splint on our souls is not accident; it means something. Black Forest or Gaul, Kentucky or Wyoming, Guantonoma or the Philippines—the call of the West was through some plan of the stars to which you and I cannot add and from which we cannot subtract. This feeling of sadness that the trappers felt when they said good-by to their wilderness—it was no accident; it meant something. The flood of Western fiction is no accident; it means something, after all, something of reverence and love. These little Western dramas, after all, we may forgive them, nay, we demand them, because they are pendants on God's own great drama of the West, written under the stars very many ages ago.

That great drama for humanity was not written to fail or to be superseded by any other. Its setting has always required a wilderness. The star in that drama is man, and he plays his part, always reserving in his soul some undelegated rights of his own. In spite of the day of law, these things he will have. Somewhere there is a wilderness, or will be. Somehow, if there be no West, we will make one. The world has seen silk-clad aristocracy ruled by the hairy-armed. It is simpler for the Government at Washington to give the hairy-armed of this world an America than it will be to let the hairy-armed make one for themselves.

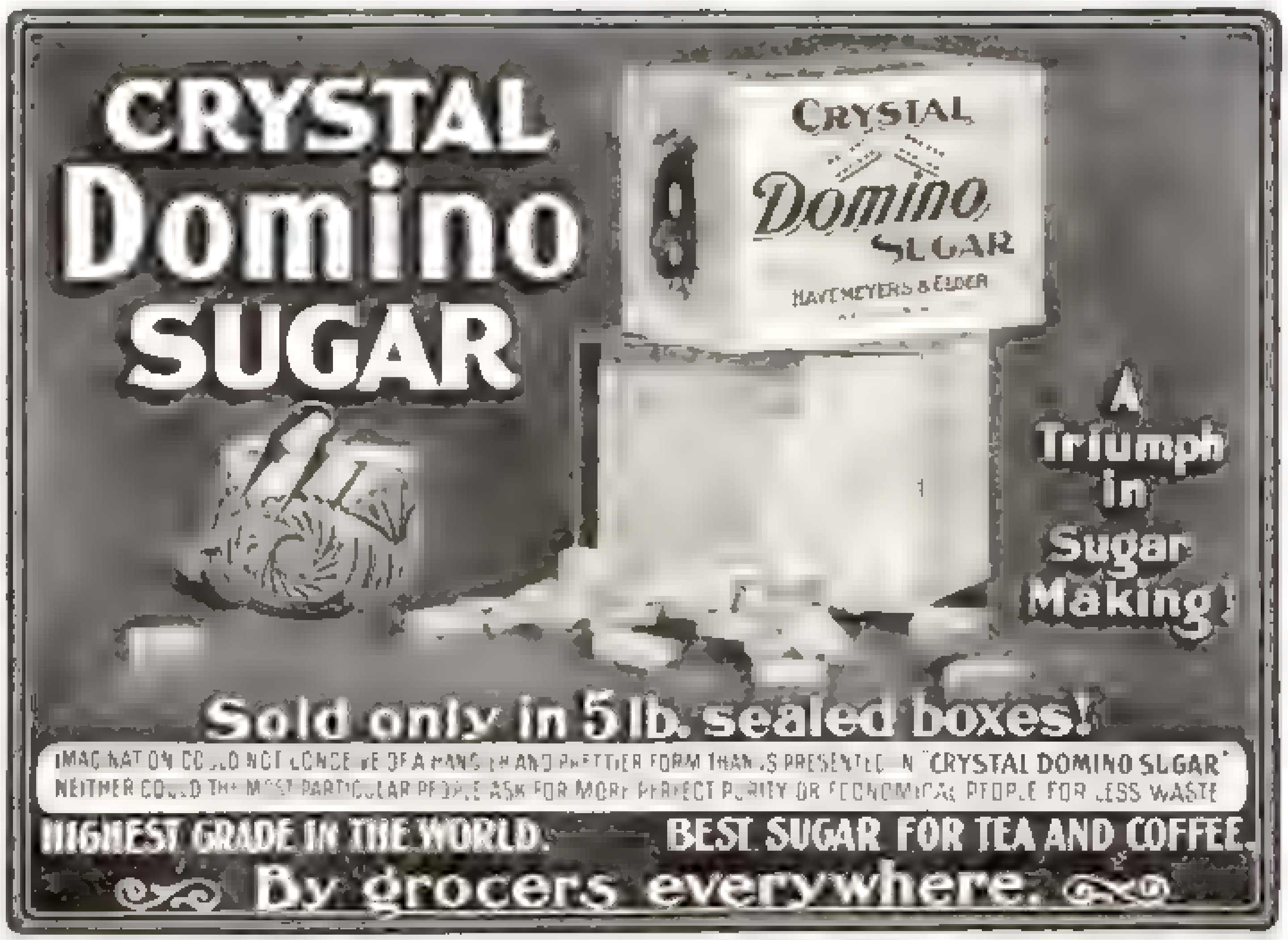
But should you insist that all this is rant and vagueness and veiled socialism, let us see whether it is impossible to compromise on some basis of admitted common-sense. Let us see whether it is possible even yet to institute some sort of a West for America, in spite of the fact that the day of law has come. That would mean very much, if it should mean that the world's greatest experiment in democracy and the rights of man is not to come to naught, and not to end in conflict.

An Out-of-Doors for All

If we deal in generalities, at least we should define these generalities. So let us be accurate and logical and call the American West not the West, but the Out-of-Doors. It simplifies the question to ask: Can there be an out-of-doors given to the people of America? Yes, and very easily. Not the West of Carson and Boone, not its replica, but its reflection. Not all the vast outdoors which once was ours, but some of it. Not the whole loaf, but a part of the loaf that was our heritage. With no better tool than this Government at Washington—which is not much—we can have a West forever and keep it to show future folk how men once were made, before the day of algebra and electricity.

Immigration, or at least unrestricted immigration, has gone far enough in America. The John Woods do not so freely come to a country where they meet worse than tithes and corn laws. The flood of cheap human traffic has unsettled all sane progress and destroyed all national balance. We are not making men, but importing substitutes for men. We shall not compare a West-made man, two generations in construction, with a scared peasant, fleeing from hired Cossacks. He is not the same product, and we may scorn the political or commercial or social cowardice which calls him such. We should reserve to ourselves the right to invite to our table only such guests as seem to us proper ones, and only in such numbers as will leave our children something to eat. We were four millions a hundred years ago, and are eighty millions now. In another hundred years we shall be at least four hundred millions. What about the table then? Ought we not to restrict our invitations?

In the second place, and as among those already in and at the table, the growing realization on the part of the average man that he is being robbed to-day, all the way from the breakfast-table to the ballot-box, will do very much to remedy many things. Congress can furnish remedies for most of our evils if it so wishes, and Congress must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do this if we wish it; and if we do not now wish it, perhaps we may later do so bitterly, even violently.

It is a simple thing to secure, if we care to do so, a very considerable and desirable out-of-doors. There has long been more or less talk about forest preservation and the guarding of the headwaters of our streams and the preservation of our great trees, together with our great examples of natural wonders. The movement for the extension of these forest reserves can be carried on steadily, with injury to none and benefit to all. This day of law may mean construction and not destruction, after all. Thus with perfect ease we may establish forest and game reservations at the head of the Mississippi, at the heads of the upper forks of the Missouri, at the head of the Ohio, of the St. Louis, the Chippewa, the Red, the Arkansas, the Colorado—all of the grand historic streams, the paths of our empire. These sections of the out-of-doors ought to be kept sacred, never be desecrated by any thief whatever, big or small.

Saving the Big Game

Associated with the West is always the idea of great game animals. These are now passing swiftly away. There is forming an American Bison Society to ask the Government to preserve on special tracts this species, the wild American bison, almost gone forever. This is perfectly feasible, perfectly practicable work. The same can be done with ease and success in regard to the elk, the deer and the bear. These animals respond to care as readily as do domestic animals. From National preserves of sufficient acreage they would overflow the surrounding country to an extent which would enable us at least to get some notion of the out-of-doors as it once existed. Broad and easy and simple measures could bring about these results, and do so easily and with injury to none. If State laws cannot preserve our game, then National laws may do so. If complex and specialized statutes have not served, then perhaps one or two broad examples of common-sense may serve. Thus, if by universal State or National law we were forbidden to kill any member of the deer family which did not show horns at the time of killing—males only, and that in proper season—and if we should limit the killing of these males to certain numbers, we should have accomplished at one stroke more than has been done toward saving our game in the combined wisdom of all our legislatures.

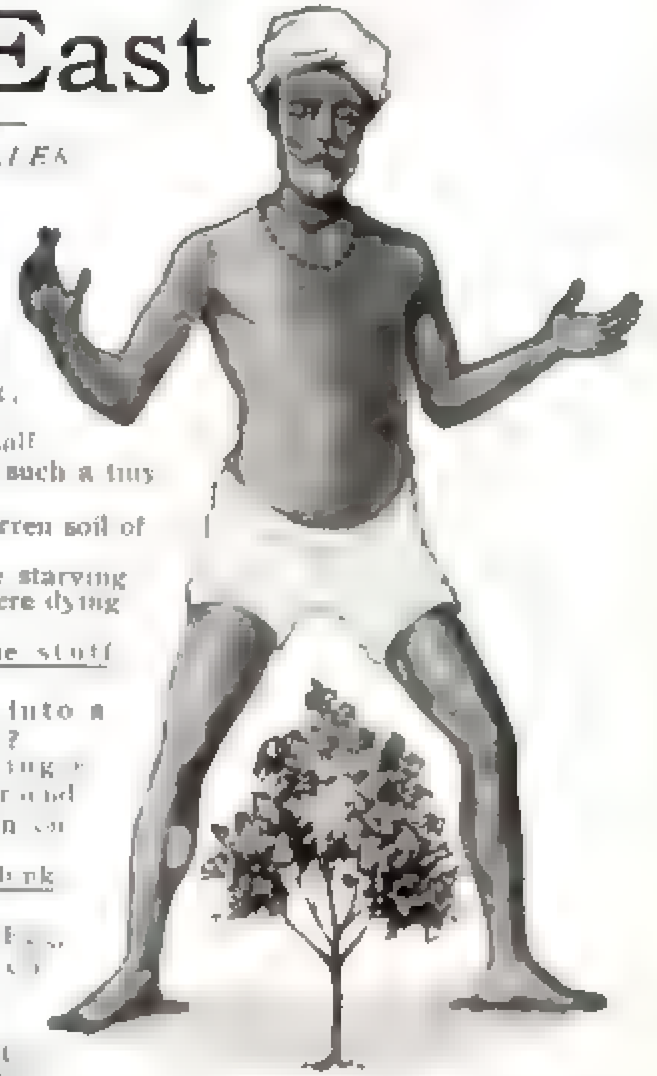
America has of late been for the most part concerned with commerce, and has heretofore had time for relatively few vacations, relatively small leisure, relatively small acquaintance with the out-of-doors. Once we were all out-of-doors men and weapon-bearers. Then we got ashamed of it. Now we are becoming proud of it once more. For very many years there have been class periodicals devoted to the out-of-doors idea. They have with varying disinterestedness and wisdom cried aloud the virtues of the wilderness, but for the most part their voice has been lost. These agencies have been good so far as they have gone, though often utterly unable to see the bigness of the things which they have advocated for the sake of business gain. Some of this so-called sporting clientage is strictly class circulation, but of late the general magazines have taken up the out-door idea, which is also strongly reflected in the growing literature of the open air, and in various other unmistakable ways. In that direction lies our salvation. The class periodicals at their best are but a drop in the bucket. The appeal for the establishment of an American Out-of-Doors must be more unselfish, more able and more universal.

The old equation of supply and demand in these matters points very strongly to one conclusion. There are in the homes of America, in all likelihood, an average of two or three firearms to the family. These were purchased with a view to sport—that is to say, with a view to exercise in the open air. One American firm has sold two million guns. Similar makers of shotguns alone are now putting out pieces whose numbers show a factory product of hundreds of thousands. Our annual sale of firearms amounts to more than two million dollars.

Yet the average cost per gun is only about ten dollars. These figures show a tremendous demand for an Out-of-Doors. Shall we ignore it?

Like The Magic of The East

By "THE MILLER"



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"The magic consists in giving living things the stuff they need to make them grow

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"And what makes the Yolk of germ in a single Grain of Wheat shoot up through the wet ground into a three foot straw with a bushy head of Grain on top of it?

"Isn't there wonder enough in that to make us think and want to know?

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"It's the Phosphorus in the Yolk of Egg, and in the Yolk (or Germ) of wheat that carries the Life Principle

"The ablest writers on 'food' tell us that

"Wherever Growth is most active, there will be found the most Phosphorus."

"And, another famous authority,—Buchner—tells us that "Without Phosphorus Thought would be impossible

"Because Phosphorus is the basis of all Growth in plants, animals, living things, including Children and Grown-ups.

And phosphorus is, too, what the Brain uses up in Thinking, and what the Nerves need to feed them and make them stronger after over-working.

"Well, this wonderful Phosphorus can't be had from the Drug Store either, if it's to be used by the body

"Because Drug Store Phosphorus is in the same condition for Human use as Earth is for the use of feeding Horses.

"A Horse can't eat Earth but it can eat Hay that contains what the Earth is made from

"So this vitalizing Human Phosphorus must come to us in Food form—not in Medicine form.

"And,—of all the food forms of Phosphorus none is so fit for the body as the living 'Germ' or Seed-center of Wheat

"That's the greatest stuff in this wide **World**, perhaps, to make Children grow up strong and straight, calm nerved, and mentally powerful

"And, it's just as necessary for 'Grown-ups' who have to fight the battle of Life with the Skill that wearies Brain and the Courage that taxes Nerve

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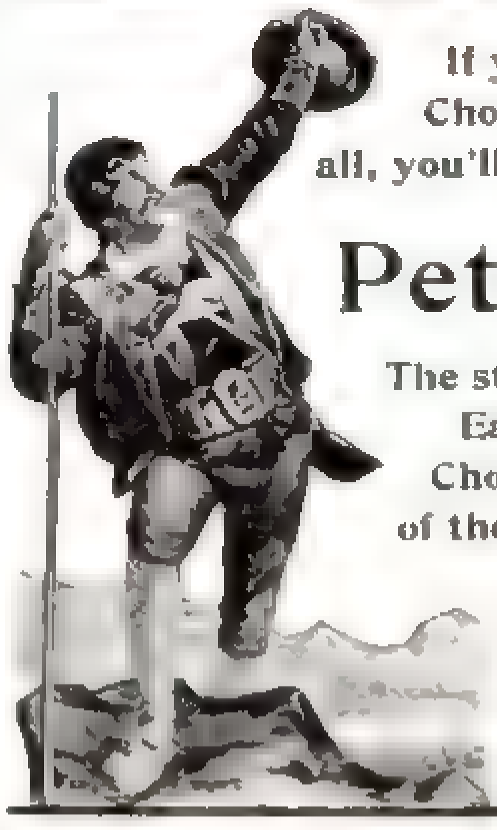

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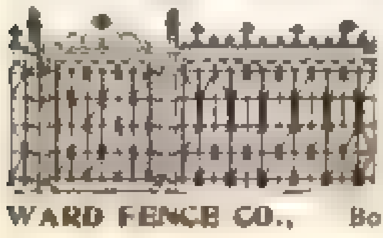

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The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 13)

crushed the fern into a rough ball and threw it over the edge of the rock.

"Oh, hang it all," said Temple. "Look here, Miss Desmond. I came away from Paris because I didn't know what was the matter with me. I didn't know who it was I really cared about. And before I'd been here one single day I knew. And then I met you. And I haven't said a word, because you're here alone—and, besides, I wanted you to get used to talking to me and all that. And now you say I don't care. No, confound it all, it's too much. I wanted to ask you to marry me. And I'd have waited any length of time till there was a chance for me." He had almost turned his back on her, and leaning his chin on his elbow was looking out over the treetops far below. "And now you've gone and rushed me into asking you *now*, when I know there isn't the least chance for me—and anyhow, I ought to have held my tongue! And now it's all no good, and it's your fault. Why did you say I didn't care?"

"You knew it was coming," Betty told herself, "when he asked if he might come to Long Barton to see you. You knew it. You might have stopped it, and you didn't. And now what are you going to do?"

What she did was to lean back to reach another fern—to pluck and smooth its fronds.

"Are you very angry?" asked Temple forlornly.

"No," said Betty, "how could I be? But I wish you hadn't. It's spoiled everything."

"Do you think I don't know all that?"

"I wish I could," said Betty very sincerely, "but ——"

"Of course," he said bitterly. "I knew that."

"He doesn't care about me," said Betty; "he's engaged to some one else."

"And you care very much?" He kept his face turned away.

"I don't know," said Betty; "sometimes I think I'm getting not to care at all."

"Then—look here; may I ask you again some time, and we'll go on just like we have been?"

"No," said Betty. "I'm going back to England at the end of the week. Besides, you aren't quite sure it's me you care for. At least you weren't when you came away from Paris. How can you be sure you're sure now?"

He turned and looked at her.

"I beg your pardon," she said instantly. "I think I didn't understand. Let's go back now, shall we?"

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't let this break up everything! Don't avoid me in the little time that's left. I won't talk about it any more—I won't worry you ——"

"Don't be silly," she said, and she smiled at him a little sadly; "you talk as though I didn't know you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Czar and Kaiser

THERE is an absence of driving force in the Czar which is not without its compensations. In the present earthquake period of Russian history, it is better that the ruler should not be of cast-iron, but should be more amenable to the leading of circumstances. Nicholas II has the mental alertness to see the truth of the situation. He has hardly the executive resolute energy which would enable him to compel obedience to his will. There is a fatalistic element about him which leads him to doubt the importance of his own action or inaction. This is due largely to a certain natural diffidence.

The Kaiser is the supreme type of the opposite character. William II is quite sure the stars would stand still in their courses unless he kept on shouting "Gee up!" Nicholas II is disposed to believe that God Almighty will arrange things His own way, no matter what Czars and Kaisers may do. "God helps" is a phrase so often on his lips that one is sometimes afraid that he forgets the second clause in the saying, "God helps those who help themselves."

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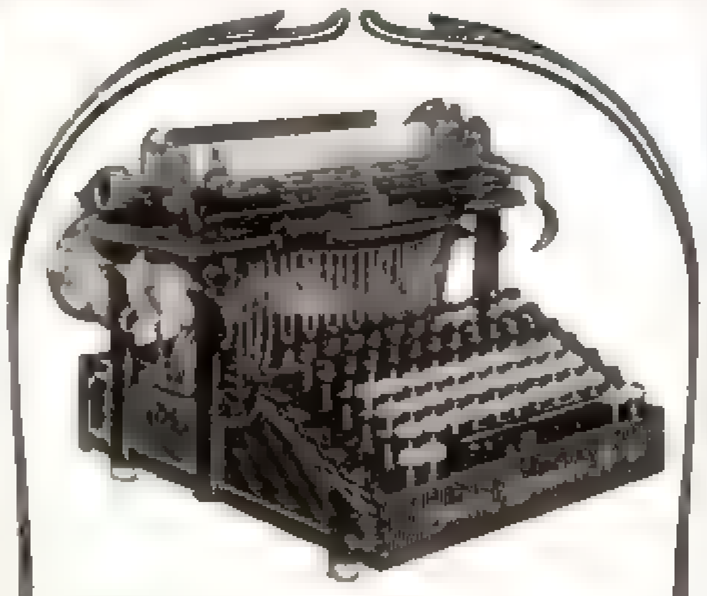

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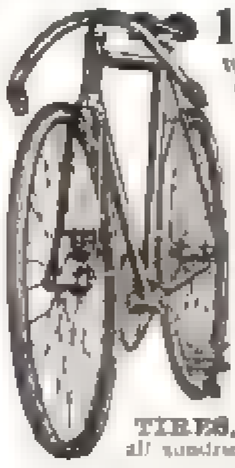

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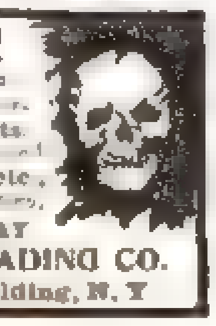

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THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL

(Continued from Page 11)

of its Revolution against the old order of things in art as in government. It attained its greatest vogue in the period of the First Empire, and was deeply influenced by study of the ancient classic forms, and still more by Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, which had appealed powerfully to the French imagination. Now it was that the winged claw came in; now came the sphinx, the lion and the griffin; now came a revival of the classical acanthus; and now came a wealth of pineapple tops and legs carved in twisted rope. There were splendor and beauty in the Empire style, but soon its very opulence, its very enthusiasm, caused it to degenerate into the monumental, the extravagant and even the grotesque. Its best years in France were from 1803 to 1807—showing the weakness of nomenclature, for Napoleon was not Emperor until after 1803, and the most splendid time of his Empire was after 1807.

The style came to America near the opening of the century, and was adopted and followed with enthusiasm, but at the same time with a saving restraint, although here, too, the style gradually degenerated.

From the first, there was one important difference between the Empire furniture of France and the Empire of America. In France, ormolu was freely used, and over-decoration the sooner resulted. In the United States ormolu was little used. With us the same ornaments were used as by the French, but where the French made them of ormolu the Americans carved them out of the wood. The influence of ormolu, however, is seen in the brass-tipped feet of a considerable number of Empire pieces of American make.

The taste for sideboards with drawers having rapidly extended in the quarter of a century following their introduction, there were many made in Empire style, and many are still obtainable. There were, too, some splendid Empire sofas. On this side of the Atlantic it is hard to find good Empire chairs.

These are the principal great styles in regard to which the beginner should, from the first, have a clear idea.

But he must also understand that not only is there wide variety within each style, but that there are many pieces of old furniture which so combine varied styles, or are so different from any precise style, as to make specific classification impossible. Often one can only say, "an old chest of drawers," "a five-slatted chair," "a slant-topped secretary," "an eighteenth-century sofa," "a snake-foot tea-table." At least one hundred and forty cabinet-makers are known to have subscribed for the book of designs which, following the example of Chippendale, Sheraton issued, and among these there were many who, instead of copying precisely, made variations to suit their individual fancies.

There are, too, certain names of a different kind of derivation and of narrower application.

Such, for example, is the Pembroke, the name applied to long and narrow tables, square-sided, with ends either square or oval, and with drop-leaves at the sides so long as to reach almost to the floor. These came from the name of the eighteenth-century Lady Pembroke who first ordered one made.

The name of Windsor, applied to the style of chair which held wonderful popularity for a century, arose, so says the charming old tale (for every tale is charming that puts royalty in a cottage), from the fact that George the First saw a chair of this design in a humble cottage near Windsor, and was so impressed by it that he had a number made for his own use, thus giving the design an instant popularity.

Never did any chair attain a wider vogue. King George chair though it was, Jefferson sat in one when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and a greater George than the king of that name had a chair of this pattern in his bedroom at Mount Vernon, and thirty on his piazza!

The terms Dutch, French, Spanish, when used in regard to furniture, are self-explanatory, and to some degree useful, but when one finds Spanish chairs commonly made by English workmen, Dutch pieces made in Scotland, French pieces made in Maryland, the practical utility of the terms diminishes. For centuries past, commerce

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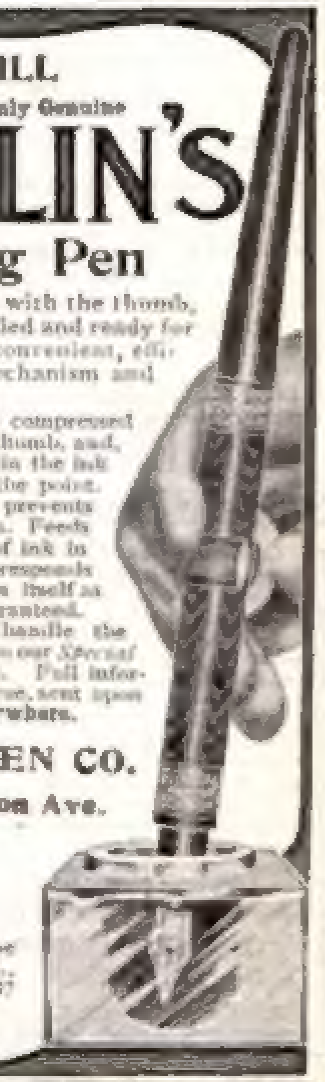

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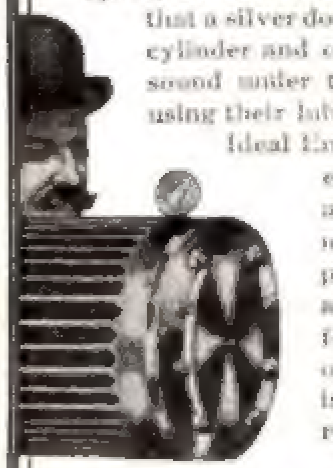
Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go. We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.



A perfect engine would be one without noise or vibration *absolutely*. We have never built a perfect engine in all these eighteen years. But Ideal Engines (all high speed) border so closely onto perfection that a silver dollar will stand upon the cylinder and one can scarcely hear a sound under test. They run in oil, using their lubricants over and over. Ideal Engines are built for general purposes. They are built in all sizes and many styles. The Compound direct connected are extremely popular for electrical purposes on account of fuel saving, simplicity and regulation.

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That lovers of good furniture may know us more quickly, we offer this wing chair, an example of our reproductions of authentic Chippendale, Sheraton and Adam pieces. Our goods are hand-made, with the same thoroughness which causes Colonial furniture to be serviceable to-day.

Covered in green denim, stuffed with best black hair, *nine-spring seat*, solid mahogany hand-carved ball and claw feet, f. o. b. Boston . . . **$27.50**

PAUL WEST COMPANY
408-410 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.
Makers of Fine Furniture.

"Old Hickory" $1.75 Spindle Back Chair

Guaranteed most serviceable, comfortable, attractive chair for Porch and Lawn use ever sold at this remarkably low price. Will stand all sorts of weather. Solidly constructed of genuine white hickory with bark on. Seat 18 ins. long, 16 ins. deep; height over all 40 ins. Price $1.75, freight prepaid east of Miss. River. 120 other styles of chairs, settees, tables, etc., $1.50 up. Be sure to get the "Old Hickory" Furniture and see that our trade-mark is on every piece. If your dealer will not supply you, remit direct to us. Ask for new 40-page illustrated catalogue and our **Special Introductory Offer, FREE.**

THE OLD HICKORY CHAIR CO.
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Style No. 24.

"The Original 'Old Hickory' Furniture Manufacturers."

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Over 50 years' experience. **Flower and Vegetable Seeds a Specialty.** A premium with every order. Write for

New Guide to Rose Culture

for 1906 — the leading rose catalogue of America. 116 pages. Mailed **free.** Over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

has been extensive and comprehensive, there has been a vast intercourse between various nations and continents, and chairs and ideas have alike been interchanged.

A century ago the winged claw came from Egypt. Long before that the claw-and-ball came from Holland. But Holland found it in China and brought it thence!

The claw-and-ball is one of the links uniting us to the haunted and mysterious past of the human race. For the ball, held in the clawed foot, is the egg which is of such supreme importance in the mythology of the world. What came to us from China, by way of Holland, owed its inception to the same deep-based belief that made the egg a part of the monster Serpent Mound of Ohio.

Although the terms French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian will, for the reason pointed out, only seem to embarrass the beginner, he will take keen delight, later, in widening his horizon, and acquiring a knowledge of the great French styles that preceded that Empire: the Louis-Quatorze, magnificent and imposing as befitted the reign; Louis-Quinze, rich and sumptuous but overdone, fancy run riot in wood; Louis-Seize, delicate and charming, seeming to tell of the beauty and sparkle and wit of the *ancien régime*. The term Boule is applied to work rich in tortoise-shell and inlay, with metal and thin brass, and it comes from the name of a famous cabinet-maker of the seventeenth century who first carried this kind of work to perfection.

And, after all these, the deluge of the machine-made product! "What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

The beginner, with a clear outline knowledge of styles and periods, and having familiarized himself with shapes from pictures such as here given, will be prepared to avoid pitfalls such as would entrap the uninformed. And he should, as opportunity offers, study the old collections, such as are displayed at Stenton in Philadelphia, at the Van Cortlandt mansion in New York, at the Essex Institute in Salem, at Girard College, and other places, and pieces of a century and more ago that remain in historical buildings such as Independence Hall.

And then, prepared for the search of the old and the beautiful, he should set forth with the idea that it is possible to come upon a prize at the most unexpected time or place. The possibilities lie in myriad places. He that seeks is sure to find.

Driving, one day, through a district that was new to us, we came to a lonely cross-roads, where stood a deserted house, dilapidated, ancient, shingled to the ground. The yard was overgrown with mighty weeds. But the real collector never ignores a dilapidated and deserted old house.

The floors were falling in, the roof was half gone, there was not an article of furniture in the rooms on the ground floor or the second floor, or in that place where furniture is so frequently found, the attic.

But the stars in their courses fight for old furniture. In leaving, a sort of lean-to, off the kitchen, was looked into, and in that lean-to, with the roof partly fallen down over it, was a good-looking, old-fashioned corner-cupboard, which needed only slight repairs to put it into presentable condition. The house was a tenant house—so the owner, whom we found at his home, half a mile distant, explained—and the last tenant had moved away some years before, taking all his belongings with him. "Something there, did you say? It's just a bit he didn't care to carry off, then."

Which illustrates the point, so often tending to the good of the collector, that all the world does not have the same taste as himself.

Woman First, then Queen

IN MR. BELASCO'S Adrea, a masterpiece of dramatic horror and undiluted gloom, one single moment of cheer obtrudes itself, visible only, however, to some observant occupant of a front-row seat on the extreme side. It occurs in the coronation scene of the third act. Adrea (Mrs. Leslie Carter) is about to receive the crown from the chief Senator, whose portly person is planted directly between his Queen and the audience. At the moment that one senatorial hand places the tiara on Adrea's head, the other draws back a fold of the senatorial toga from the senatorial chest, revealing thereon a distinctly un-Roman mirror, into which *Queen* Adrea casts a hasty, yet comprehensive, glance—and her reign begins with her crown on straight!

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¶ Examine as critically as you will the

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¶ It fits from the first time it is put on; it wears better because it fits better and because it is made of better material than any other shoe offered at the same price. It is justly called

The Shoe of Shoes

for the correctly dressed man this season. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. If your local dealer does not carry them write us for catalogue.

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ARNOLD SHOE CO., No. Abington, Mass.

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Heels of New Rubber

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Health is the first consideration. Rubber heels procure more health to the square inch than anything in evidence. That's a fact!—my teacher told me so, and he told me to teach it to my friends.

I dislike to admit that rubber heels are a benefit, but I have to. Come down to business and be honest with yourself,—rubber on your heels is the correct thing. Be sure and secure O'Sullivan's: they are the only heels of New Rubber. Remember the name when ordering—don't cost you any more.

Any dealer or the makers,

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Fasten your papers together securely by using Washburne's Patent Adjustable **"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS**

The "O.K." has the **advantage** of a tiny but mighty, **indestructible piercing point,** which **goes** through **every sheet, co-acting** with a small **protecting sleeve** to bind and hold with a bull-dog grip. **No slipping. Handsome. Compact. Strong. Easily put on** or **taken off** with the thumb and finger. Can be used **repeatedly,** and **they always work.** Made of **brass. Three sizes.** Put up in **brass** boxes of **100** Fasteners each. At all enterprising stationers. **Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted sizes. Booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.**

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The man who can convincingly tell them will make money.

You will want to represent only *the best.* The Navy Department by awarding 1200 extinguishers to this company, after a competitive test, declared that

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Fisherman's best indestructible bait for all game fish—casting or trolling. Used by all fishermen who "get the fish." The "Minnow" is about four inches long, beautifully enameled, green mottled back, white belly with red stripe to exactly resemble a live minnow; has sure-lure glass eyes, five best treble hooks and two nickel plated spinners. No fish can resist it. The regular price is 75c., but as a special advertising offer we will fill orders enclosing this advertisement, at 29c each, 4c extra for postage and packing. We are the largest manufacturers of artificial bait in the world. Send for our large cut-price catalogue—it's free. Dealers write for discounts.

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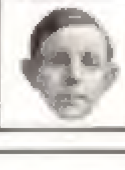

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Stein-Bloch employ no mercerized or adulterated fabrics. Their goods are pure caustic tested wool and the clothes made from them wear and keep their shape.

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"Largest in the World," a common enough phrase in advertising, means in this instance that the Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company *(largest Shoe House in the World)* by reason of its buying and manufacturing capacity, does offer **unusual values** in shoes on a very narrow margin **of profit.**

Send for the latest **"Shoelight."**
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HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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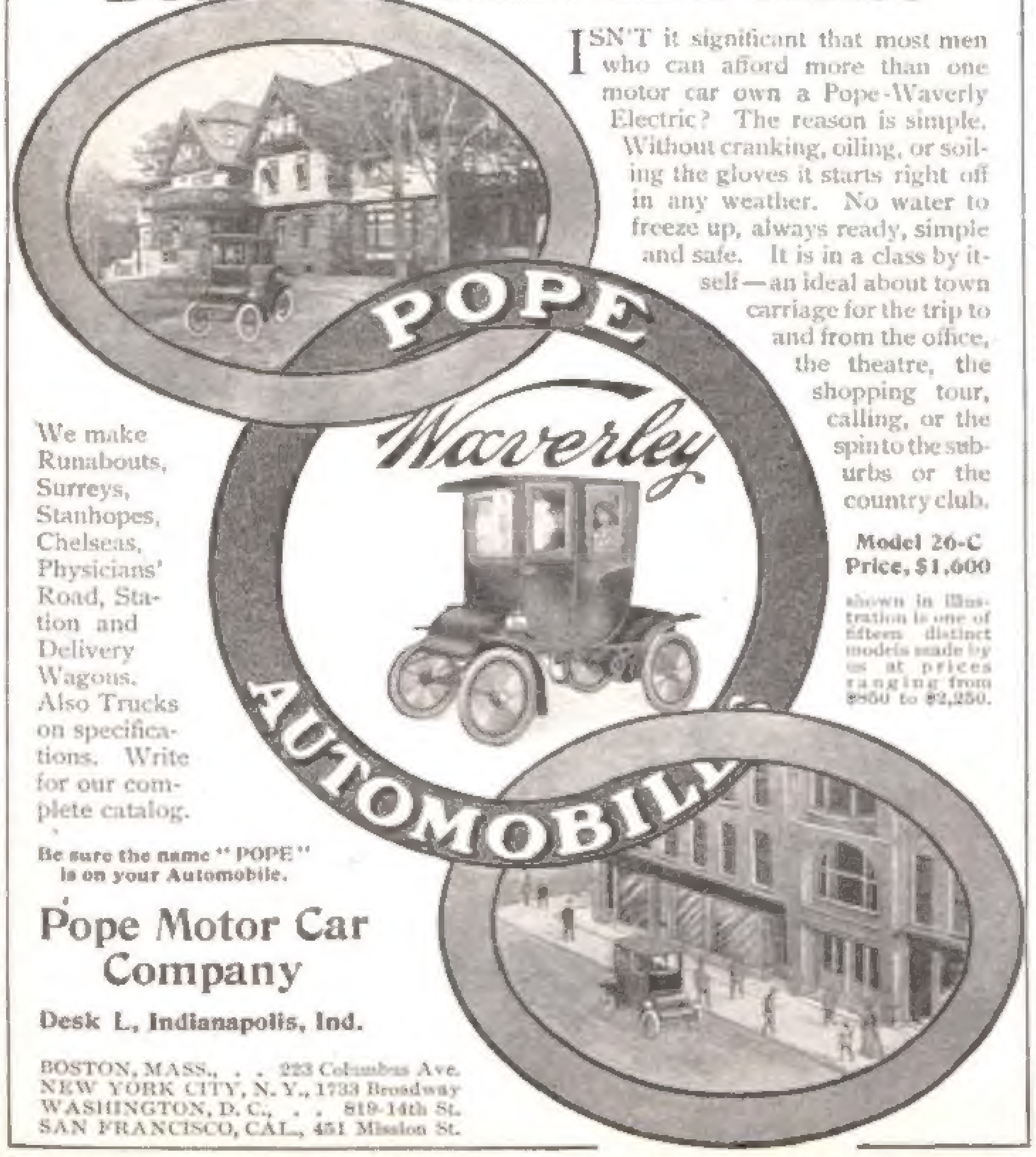

ISN'T it significant that most men who can afford more than one motor car own a Pope-Waverly Electric? The reason is simple. Without cranking, oiling, or soiling the gloves it starts right off in any weather. No water to freeze up, always ready, simple and safe. It is in a class by itself—an ideal about town carriage for the trip to and from the office, the theatre, the shopping tour, calling, or the spin to the suburbs or the country club.

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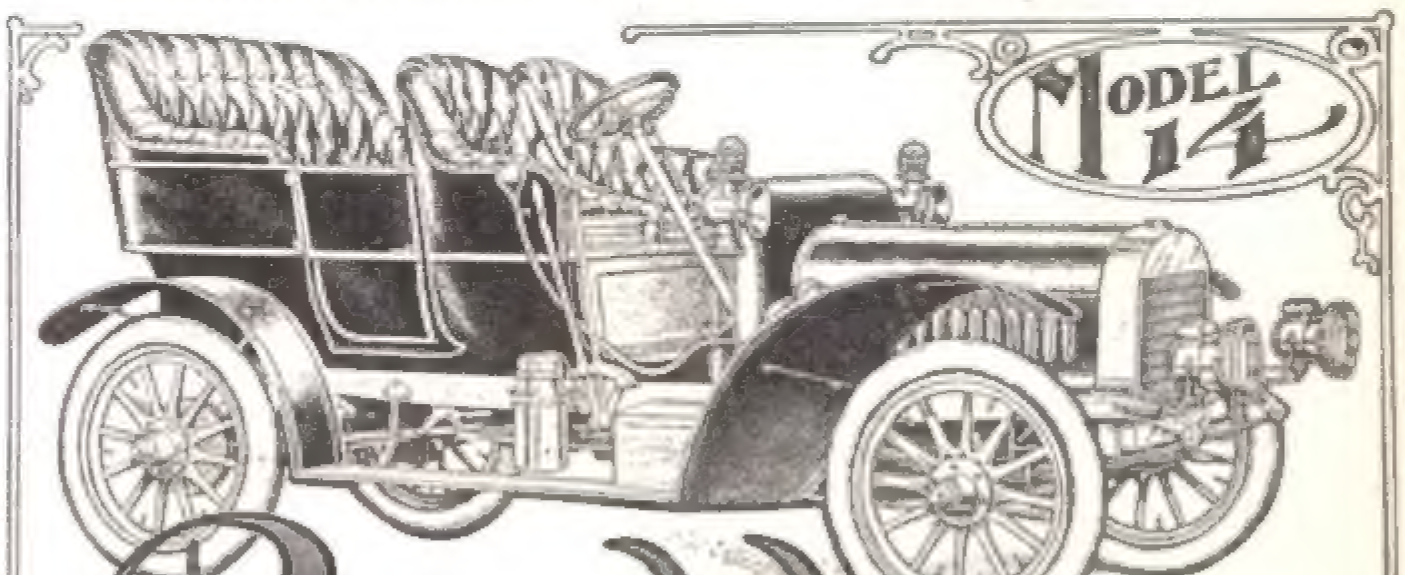

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come many delightful and charming sentiments, and one great food principle—the use of rice. It has been left to the cleverness and ingenuity of the American to originate a distinct improvement upon the Japanese way of using rice.

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On each package of Quaker Rice you will find directions for making Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc. These very delightful confections can be easily and quickly made in your own home, and will give untold delight to every member of the family. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

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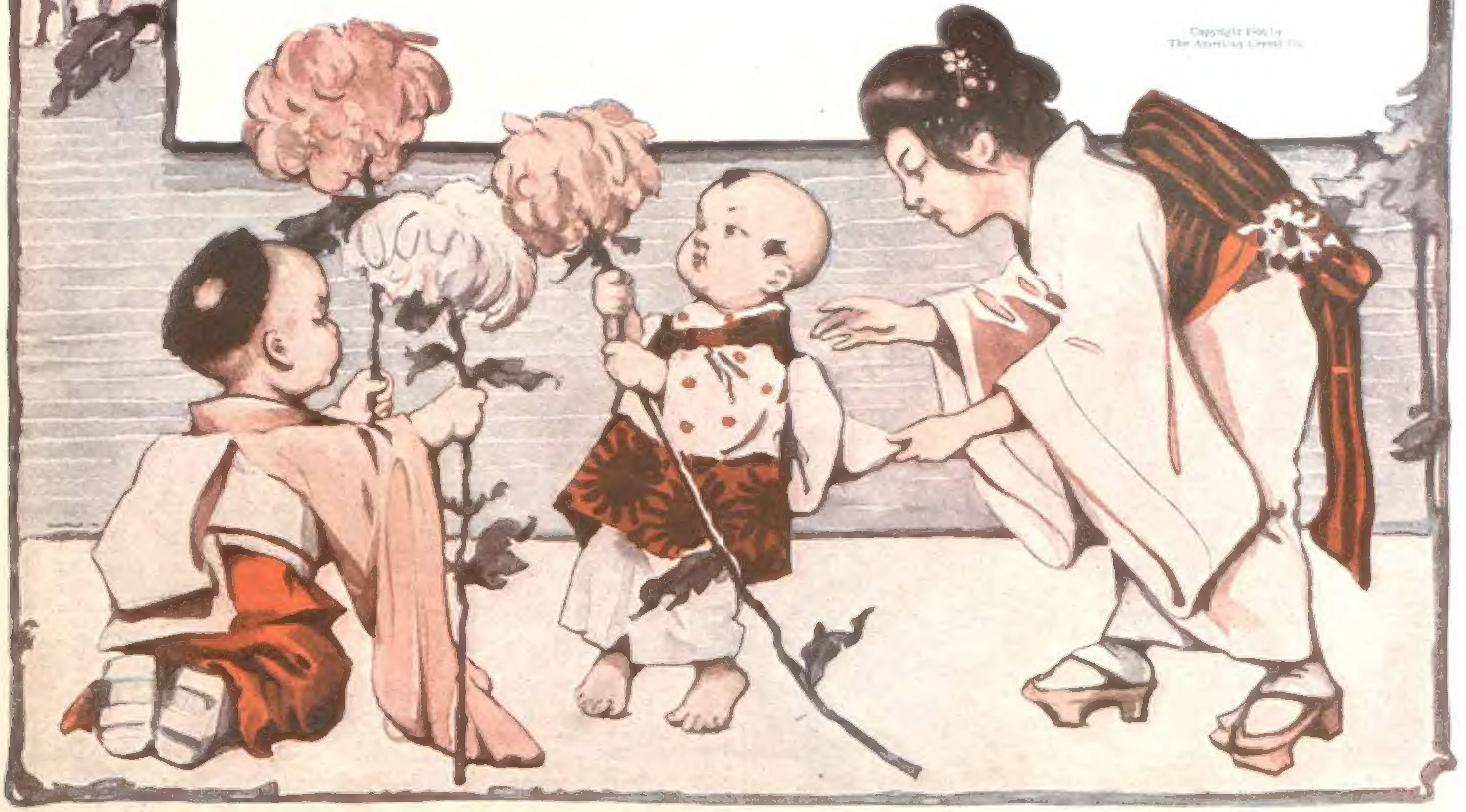Copyright 1906 by
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